PRICE, TEN CENTS

THE FASHIONS THAT ARE TO BE

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PICTORIAL REVIEW

PERIODICAL DIV.
JUN 31 1902
LIBRARIES

MARCH, 1902
VOL. III. No. 6

PUBLISHERS
AMERICAN FASHION COMPANY, INC.
853 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Accordion Plaiting In Practical Use on All Kinds of Material for the Last Twenty Years

THE PIONEER

French Accordion Plaiting Machine

Patented April 30th, 1901.

Advantages Over All Other Machines

IT IS easily and readily adjusted from ⅛ inch plait to 1½ inch.

IT WILL plait a circular skirt ⅛ at top, graduated to 1½ inch at bottom.

IT WILL plait any material from chiffon to hair cloth, hemmed or seamed—in fact, any fabric without injury.

IT WILL plait heavy paper for accordion plaiting forms.

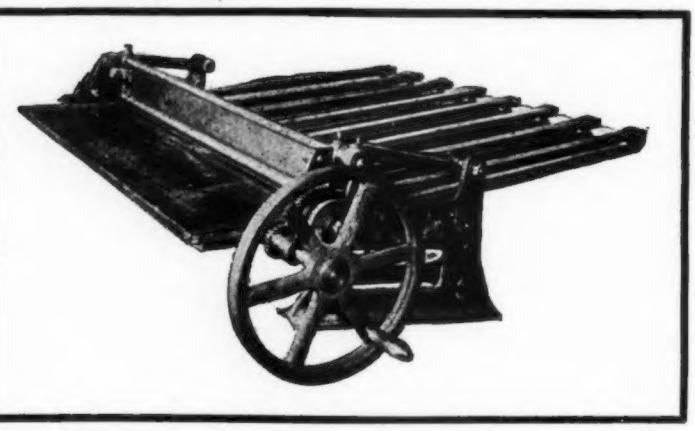
THE GOODS are plaited into a reefing frame and then removed to the steaming box for setting.

ABSOLUTELY the only accordion plaiting machine making a ⅛ inch plait.

THE PRINCIPLE upon which this machine operates enables it to do more perfect work and run faster than any other accordion plaiting machine, either by hand or power. Do not buy a machine until you have examined this one.

THIS MACHINE IS MADE IN THREE WIDTHS.

60 in. wide....$500
48 in. wide.... 300
36 in. wide.... 250



FULL DIRECTIONS go with the machine.

Prices

12 in. wide.....$15.00
18 in. wide.....20.00

The New Pioneer Accordion Plaiting Machine

THE MOST COMPLETE Accordion Plaiting Machine ever invented. This machine adjustable to any size plait. Runs by hand or steam power.

ATTACHMENT for steaming and drying. No paper used. Goods finished when coming out of machine.

20 in. wide.....$125

The New Accordion Plaiting Machine

(Just Patented.)

DOES AWAY with hand work.

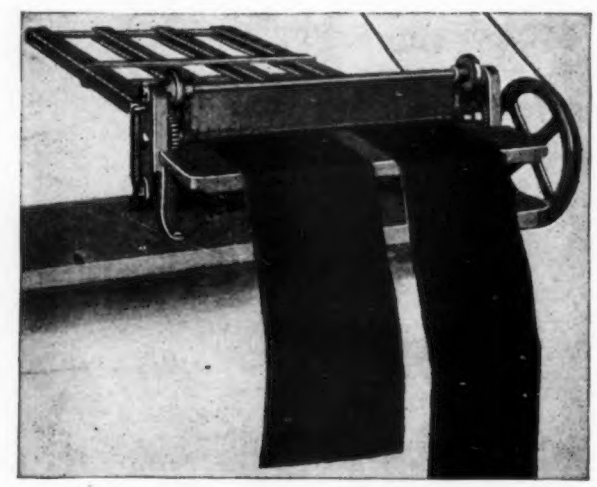
NO MORE sore fingers.

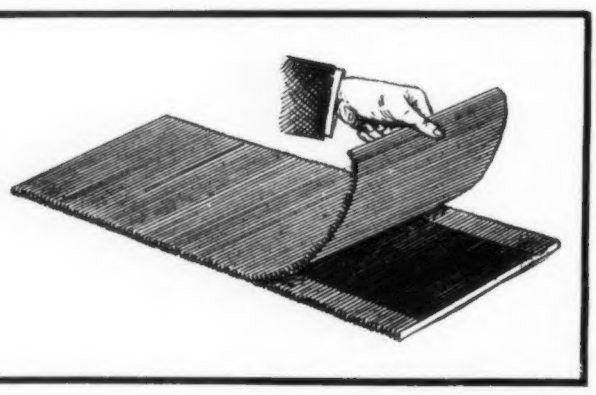
ANY CHILD can operate it.

A COMPLETE Accordion Plaiting Machine.

JUST adapted for dressmakers.

WILL PLAIT goods up in five minutes.





The Pioneer Accordion Plaiting Paper

MY PAPERS are made from the very best prepared manilla paper, are substantial, and can be used a thousand times. They will not make the goods wavy, always remaining straight.

I OFFER these papers at a very low price, so you can do your own Accordion Plaiting. Full directions for making Accordion Plaiting with every paper.

A SAMPLE of 1⅓ yards of Accordion Paper sent by return mail on receipt of **50c.**

THESE PAPERS sold cheap. All widths up to 48-inch made.

7 in. wide.....$1.50
48 in. wide.....16.00

INVENTOR and first manufacturer of plaiting paper by machinery.

H. S. BROWN, Inventor, 92 White St., New York

FASHION is very much like politics in its methods of dealing with the varying issues of the day in the world of the modes, putting this or that on the shelf, as it were, to be resurrected at some sharp turn of the administration. Thus it is never safe to conclude that any fashion can die, for it is often waiting its time to bob up serenely when least expected.

But of one thing we are certain, there is always a modern variation of the old idea, some change to adopt a fashion to the modern woman's taste and needs.

One revival coming rapidly into the foreground is moiré silk, which finds a profitable field among the long coats. Very swell indeed are some of these coats in three-quarter length, decorated with hip pocket flaps, deep cuffs and revers and collar of lace and silk or of embroidery on silk. The same material is used for some of the jaunty little blouse jackets that shall bloom with the first flowers of the spring.

The materials for spring wear are exceptionally attractive and owing perhaps to the fact that a decided effort is being made to regain the original simplicity of the tailor gown and do away with all pronounced effects in trimming, many more novelties are shown than is usually the the case.

The fancy for rough-surfaced goods and for small checks and plaids is therefore increasing steadily, as we do not seem to be able to return to the plain tailormade of smooth cloth devoid of trimming, without an intermediate stage that shall accustom us to the untrimmed gown.

Among the newest fabrics that show originality of design and coloring are broadcloth and panné cloth, which are truly remarkable for their high finish; crystal panné, a new material for street costumes, and then reversible linen, which will find great popularity for summer gowns.

Both black and white spotted nets are in great demand for ball gowns, and so are all kinds of gauze. In the colored fabrics of the various diaphanous kinds the tints are very delicate, so faint, in fact, that they are more like a reflection of color than the color itself. This is true of the flowered, as well as of the plain materials. Brocaded silks are revived again and give every opportunity for using soft, dainty colorings. Pompadour designs are very much in evidence and the glacé silks strewn with flowers of the softest tints are charming.

Mousseline de soie is one of the most popular materials for ball gowns. Accordion plaited mousseline frocks are very pretty and youthful.

* * *

Flower garnitures are very much used this season, in bunches at one side of the bodice then trailing down the skirt, and not infrequently tiny bouquet clusters dot the flounces around the bottom. Large flowers, such as roses, chrysanthemums, orchids and geraniums, seem to be the most popular. A bow of black velvet ribbon makes a pretty beginning for the shoulder decoration, which is usually wired and may be bent into any shape. The touch of black is very effective with the blossoms. Other decorations for the mousseline gown are the chiffon roses in the same color as the mousseline.

Garnitures of flowers which fall quite to the hem of the gown are exceptionally pretty and tend to give an appearance of height to the wearer.

Some beautiful gowns are made of black mousseline de soie, inset with medallions of Chantilly lace and trimmed in a lover's knot design with appliquéd black velvet flowers and leaves. This decoration practically covers the gown and frills of mousseline trim the elbow sleeves.

Evening gowns that are not ball gowns and are yet dressy enough for informal dinners are in great demand this season. They are very prettily made of crêpe de chine, peau de soie, liberty satin and white cloth.

* * *

Black crêpe de chine with lace appliqué looks very handsome over a dead white taffeta, the crêpe being cut away beneath the lace to give an incrusted effect and incidentally to show the white lining. Another way, quite as effective, is to trim the skirt around the bottom and the waist below the yoke with horizontal lines of insertion. Black filet lace is very attractive over white taffeta or mousseline, also one of the exquisite laces showing a combination of filet and Irish guipure. Truly the lace gown of the season is stunning!

There is simply no limit to the cream, écru and white lace gowns.

A very chic dinner gown is of white mousseline de soie, trimmed with black velvet appliqué delicately embroidered with jet and, incongruous as it may seem, a black velvet gown shows incrustations of the most delicate cobwebby Chantilly lace over heavy white satin, the lace, in the shape of a wide insertion, apparently joining a circular flounce to the gored upper part. The yoke of this handsome gown was of cream filet lace threaded with narrow black velvet ribbon and the lower part of the sleeves, from elbow to wrist, was also of cream lace.

* * *

White felt hats in the "saucer-shaped" sailor trimmed with a half wreath of pale-tinted or white roses and a large black velvet bow in back are very smart with a tailored gown.

* * *

The practical eye will at once see the change in the cut of the latest skirts—fitted to a little below the knees and then expanding in an exceedingly flared flounce, quite the idea of an inverted morning glory. Gored skirts are made on the same plan, a large number of gores, usually nine, being the standard, with seams curving out toward the bottom to gain the desired effect.

Another decided novelty is the skirt recently evolved by Paquin, which is straight from the hip with hardly any fulness at the bottom, also the one that shows box-plaits all round, in fact, tucks and plaits are all the vogue. The habit back is with us once again, although opinion is divided as to whether it is the most graceful and becoming shape the back of a skirt could take. *Mais que voulez-vous? Chacun à son gout!*

Strappings of smooth cloth, panné or silk trim rough-faced goods like zibeline, very effectively and they are sometimes embroidered in round dots an inch or two apart. As the bands are narrow one row of dots is sufficient and the edges are finished with stitching or piping. The dots may be black if you like and the bands should match the gown in color.

Straps perforated or stamped out in a design are the *dernier cri* in the line of garnitures, and skirts are perforated in the same manner in a pretty pattern around the bottom, the perforations sometimes being combined with plain straps of the same material; the fact that a handsome lining or facing may be employed in conjunction with these perforations makes the mode particularly attractive.

Openwork stitches as a method of joining seams are not confined to thin materials by any means, and we see them on the shaggy zibelines so much worn, joining the seams over silk of the same color. Very chic are the red camel's hair and zibeline gowns, trimmed with bands of black cloth piped with black satin.

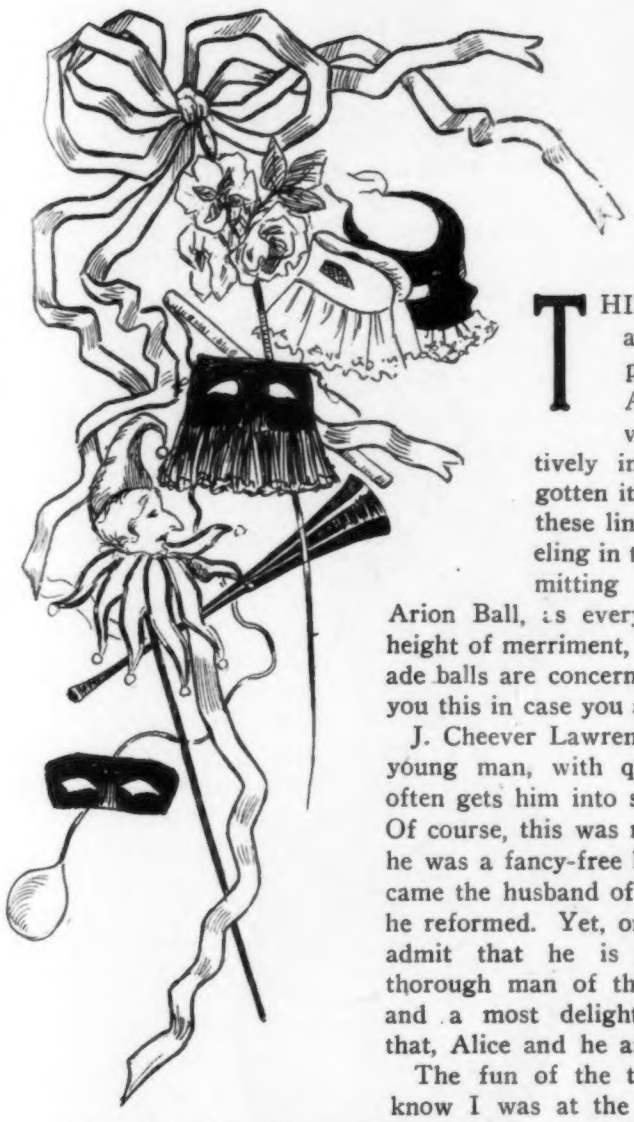
967

968

Les Parisiennes

CHIC TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 38.)



An Embarrassing Situation.

By ANNA WORTHINGTON.

THIS little episode which I am going to narrate happened last year at the Arion Ball, but as it is very likely that those actively interested have either forgotten it altogether or will not see these lines, because they are traveling in the Orient. I am not committing any indiscretion. The Arion Ball, as every one knows, means the height of merriment, as far as public masquerade balls are concerned, and I am only telling you this in case you are not a New Yorker.

J. Cheever Lawrence is a gay and debonair young man, with quite a warm heart that often gets him into scrapes with the fair sex. Of course, this was not so reprehensible when he was a fancy-free bachelor, but since he became the husband of my chum I think it time he reformed. Yet, on second thought, I must admit that he is altogether charming, a thorough man of the world, cultured, suave and a most delightful companion. Besides that, Alice and he are devoted to each other.

The fun of the thing is that he did not know I was at the ball, because four of us girls—the other three, however, not acquainted with him—had determined to go secretly, unknown to anybody, but I am not going to tell you how we were dressed, because I am always considerate enough not to shock people intentionally. Yet you could not really blame us, four girls full of life and spirits, caught by the general air of jollity and carnival, wanting just once to mingle with the *bohème*, instead of sitting very sedately in the boxes of our respective, revered fathers and dutifully going home just a little after twelve! Our faces were entirely concealed by masks, and we wore wigs of long blond hair and—but, no, I won't tell you what else we wore. At any rate, our make-up was so excellent that even after the masks were off nobody recognized us, which was quite fortunate, although we had put long dominos over our original costume —for safety's sake.

Of course, Cheever didn't wear any fancy dress, merely a small black mask that just covered the tip of his dear little nose, because he has an idea that he is more irresistible in regulation evening garb than arrayed as a languishing troubadour, for instance. *Vraiment, il est un elegant!*

Now, to tell the truth, Alice is rather jealous of her charming husband, and sometimes, I think not without reason, and if she had known that he was going to the ball without her, there is no telling what would have happened. She wanted to go very much, but he, artful man! showed her an invitation to a stag dinner for that very February 11th, to be given by a man famous for his culinary feasts, not alone in quality, but also in duration. He is a Wall street lawyer, and a frequent caller at my father's house. Alice knows him, too, but only slightly, she is, I must tell you, rather religious and doesn't care particularly for *bon vivants*. How she ever came to marry Cheever is a conundrum to me. *Les extremes se touchent!*

Well, Mr. Walters—that's the lawyer—called on the Tuesday before the ball and by a little diplomatic questioning I discovered that the dinner was but a *ruse!* He claimed that he was going to the Dumont's for a week-end party at Tuxedo, and then told me that Cheever was going to the Arion Ball to taste again a little of bachelorhood's freedom! Talk of girls not being able to keep secrets! A clever woman can always twist a man around her finger, and find out all she wants to know! He had sent the invitation at Cheever's request to allay his wife's jealousy!

I didn't say a word of my discovery to anybody, because I felt rather conscience-stricken. Didn't I expect a telegram on the day of the ball from a girl friend calling me to Lakewood, and thus explaining my absence from home until the next day! I devoutly hoped that Mr. Walters would not be at the ball for, to tell the truth, I am a little afraid of his sharp eyes.

Meantime, the eventful night arrived and Grace, the other girls and I made a triumphant entry into Madison Square Garden, which looked simply beautiful with its lavish decorations of palms and greens, and in the center, high up near the ceiling hung the big ball that punctually at twelve o'clock opens to liberate a flock of doves. This always seems so ironical to me! Fancy doves and the Arion Masquerade Ball! Why not scarlet roses?

Well, we kept together at first because we were dressed alike, a sort of four-leaved clover affair, but after half an hour we separated on the quest of adventure. But I am not going to tell you what befell us—*so blau!* I am only going to tell you about Cheever.

I sauntered slowly around and was lost in admiration at the beautiful figure of a lovely butterfly who was fluttering around in front of me clad most alluringly and very décolleté to show her marvelous neck and shoulders. By way of added adornment she had on a pair of gauzy wings. Suddenly at a table I saw Cheever sitting in solitary state with a bottle of champagne in front of him. He looked decidedly bored, which surprised me because surely opportunities were not lacking.

All at once my butterfly began to sing in a low but very musical voice a few bars of Florodora, which, very evidently, were meant for Cheever, because she was standing right at his table and looking at him.

"My fair butterfly, don't burn your wings or your mouth," he said, a trifle angry, though why I couldn't imagine. "I am not in any mood for joking."

"Then you should have stayed home," she returned gaily. "People don't come here merely to fill up on champagne. However, I don't care," she concluded, as with a fillip of her fingers she turned away and was soon lost in the crowd.

Cheever was rather dumfounded, and the expression of his face was not very *geistreich*. He looked at the vanishing figure and seemed to be afraid that the spangled wings would come to grief in the turmoil. Evidently he regretted his gruffness because he soon rose and sauntered off in the direction of the gay butterfly, determined, it seemed, to now seek the adventure he had repulsed before.

This was not so easy as it seemed because the Garden was filled with a motley throng. She was not downstairs, so he went up to the next tiers and finally found her on the second floor leaning against the balustrade and looking down at the gay picture, with its moving lights and shadows.

"Why so alone?" he asked in such tender tones, oh, if Alice only knew!

She turned around and looked at him, her eyes sparkling through the mask, then asked, jocosely:

"Well, is your thirst quenched?"

"No, no," he answered, "the gods withheld many gifts at my birth, but gave me a double portion of thirst. I always enjoy a good drop, but it is doubly sweet when shared by a beautiful companion."

"And so you concluded to try and catch me? Ha! ha! ha! *mon cher*, that is not so easy!" she said, with a merry rippling laugh. "I doubt very much that you will succeed."

"Why?" he asked, twirling his mustache.

"Because my heart is engaged," she said with another laugh. "I am not free! See, there he goes!" and she pointed to a very short and fat man dressed like a Sultan, who was puffing around rather aimlessly.

"Well, there is no accounting for tastes," he answered, with a slight disgust. "But what do you say to a waltz? Shall we try it, *cherie?*"

She consented and together they walked down the wide stairs that lead to the main floor. Soon they were dancing as well as they could in the

HANDSOME WALKING SUITS.

(Described on page 38.)

crowd to the strains of a gay waltz. Cheever was evidently delighted with the grace and charm of his companion, and again I wondered what Alice would say could she see her cherished hubby at this moment. After a while they went into one of those cosy little niches just arranged for a delightful tête-à-tête, and sat down at the table.

As it lacked but a few minutes of twelve, Cheever took off his mask and finally, after a little hesitation, his companion did the same. He saw a youthful, bright and altogether charming face, with very expressive dark eyes, that were now tender and soft, now mischievous and gay.

"Not every caterpillar evolves into such a beautiful butterfly as you," he said, gallantly, caught by the magnetic eyes. "I am surprised that no connoisseur has added you to his collection."

"You may be assured that a good many have tried it," she cried,, gaily, "but the right one has not yet made his appearance. Besides, I don't want to be added to a collection; I want to be the only one. There has been a great deal of playing, but nothing serious. Love only shall reign supreme!"

"Bravo!" he cried, filling her glass with sparkling champagne. "You are right. Love is supreme! Men are fools for getting married—for tying themselves down. I could write volumes about many an unhappy marriage!"

"That is your own fault," she said. "Why did you get married?"

He regarded her in surprise, and then suddenly laughed aloud.

"Oh," he said, "now I understand. You thought I was speaking of my own married life. Well, you may calm your fears regarding that. I am very happy, indeed. My remarks merely alluded to the many cases I meet in my profession. I am a lawyer."

"Here in New York?"

"Certainly."

She was silent for a moment or two and then asked with some hesitation:

"Do you know a lawyer named J. Cheever Lawrence?"

I, in my retreat near them, was getting quite interested and wondered what the outcome of this would be. Was she some adventuress who had heard of Cheever's soft heart, and did she mean to play a little game of her own?

Although I knew that Cheever must have been a trifle startled at this abrupt question, his voice was perfectly calm as he answered:

"Cheever Lawrence—Cheever Lawrence? Why, yes, the name seems familiar. Come to think of it I do believe I met him once at the Lawyers' Club, if I remember correctly. Just a moment, I will describe him to you. He is rather short, a trifle stout and quite dark—I mean dark brown hair and eyes."

This, you must know, is just the opposite to Cheever, who is blond, very well built and tall.

I was relieved to find that he was on his guard.

"Well," remarked Miss Butterfly, "I am not acquainted with him, but I know his wife!"

I saw the glass of wine tremble in Cheever's hand; this was more than he had bargained for. Who was his gay and beautiful companion? He was evidently very anxious to discover this, although he did not show it. He asked, apparently with indifference:

"How did you make that lady's acquaintance?"

Again she hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Well, as you don't know either of them, you will not be able to 'peach,' as the boys say, and I can trust you completely. There is nothing wicked or prohibitive about it. I met Mrs. Lawrence at Lakewood, and as she wished an assistant in managing her house, seeing that the table is always decorated tastefully and daintily, because they are famous for the dinners they give and Mr. Lawrence is quite fastidious. Besides, Mrs. Lawrence wished a companion with whom she could converse in French, and as my parents were French and I have lived in France the greater part of my life, she was quite delighted to find that I could also fill this post. My position in her house commences on the fifteenth of this month."

Poor Cheever! He was almost paralyzed with astonishment. As he told me afterward, his first thought was to leave as quickly as possible; then he wanted to tell her who he was and incidentally give her notice that the position in his house was not open for her, because he could hardly accept as an inmate of his home a woman whose acquaintance he had made at a masquerade ball.

After thinking a few moments, he said to her:

"Well, you know, I was hardly prepared to hear this. I never would have supposed that it was necessary for you to take a partly menial position. I assure you of my sincerest sympathy. A post like that is very arduous and difficult."

She shrugged her shoulders—quite a French little shrug—and declared:

"What can I do?" Work is not degrading. Besides, I am very glad I met such a nice family, I shall be quite one of them. Mrs. Lawrence is most charming, and I have heard that Mr. Lawrence is very nice also."

"That is very true," he assented, then added quickly, "that is, according to what I have heard from friends of Mrs. Lawrence, but regarding her husband I am afraid you were misinformed. He is very tyrannical and flies into a rage at the slightest provocation. He is intensely nervous and usually the entire household suffers from his moods. I have been told that he personally inspects the arrangement of the dining-room, and especially the flower decoration of the table whenever they give a dinner, and if it does not suit them he roundly berates everybody. Plans of the arrangement have to be submitted to him before they undertake even the ordering of a rose, and frequently at the very last minute, if he does not like the looks of the whole he declares some fool has meddled and tried to improve. He will never take the blame—it is always somebody else."

For a while she seemed quite taken aback at this description of the state of affairs in the Lawrence household, and truth to tell, so was I! A fabrication from beginning to end! In the first place Alice never had any assistants and her own taste regarding table decorations was so exquisite that she could have given points to many a professional decorator! Finally, she said:

"I am very thankful for the accident that caused our meeting here tonight, and thank you very much for warning me. (I wonder if Cheever felt conscience-stricken!) I shall certainly at once write to Mrs. Lawrence and resign my position."

"And really, this is the reason why the many young ladies whom Mrs. Lawrence has engaged for this post have left after the first three or four days," he continued. "I would advise you seriously not to enter upon the position at all, because leaving after three days is surely not a very good recommendation."

"But one favor I would ask of you," he said, rather hastily, "in your letter do not mention what I have just told you, because it would lead to a great deal of unpleasantness between Lawrence and myself, so much more so as we are strangers, comparatively speaking."

"You may rest assured that you can rely on my discretion," she said with candor, and personally I felt quite relieved, because, although I was firmly determined that at some time or other I would tell Cheever of this little escapade, I did not in the least wish Alice to know of it.

"Ah, hätt' ich nimmer dich gesehen, schöne Herzenskönigin!" said Cheever, in decidedly tender tones, that I attributed to the effect of the champagne. Luckily she did not understand or there is no knowing what might have happened, because she was not at all backward in answering a good many of his little inuendoes.

"You look very much like a girl I once knew," he continued, regarding her meditatively.

"Tell me about her," she said.

"Not much!" he answered in good English.

(*Concluded on page 21.*)

HANDSOME STREET GOWNS.

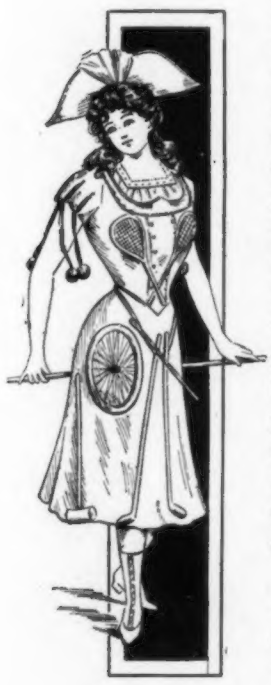
(Described on page 38.)

A NEW STAR.

By CLO GRAVES.

THE Astronomer, a senior assistant at the C. Observatory, had lived for seven years with his pretty, demure-looking little wife in an old house in one of the pretty suburban towns that surrounded C. like a wreath of flowers. The house was detached, and was one of two old houses standing in ancient green and fruitful gardens containing several fine pear-trees that were really remarkable for the quality of their fruit. And next door to the Astronomer lived Mrs. Kelsey, a well-to-do widow, who, as her years declined, took an increasing interest in the doings of her fellow creatures. Mrs. Kelsey's domestic staff was not large, but still sufficient, comprising a small, but bright-eyed maid and a sharp-featured housekeeper-cook, whose name was Sarah Ann Midgell.

Midgell, having sustained in early youth a shock to the system, having been accidentally shut in an oven by her male parent, an inebriated baker, and partially done before her mother missed her, suffered from a constitutional inability to sleep, otherwise she was not remarkable except for the extreme flatness of her figure and the sharpness of her nose. Mrs. Kelsey loved to dwell upon the different attempts made by various medical men to bring slumber to the unwilling eyelids of Midgell. Sedatives and narcotics had been administered, it would appear, in quantities sufficient to render an elephant drowsy, or send an entire regiment to sleep, without having the least effect upon the patient.



As the possessor of so determined an insomnia, whose case had appeared in the columns of the leading medical journals, Midgell was entitled to respect, and she asserted her claim upon every occasion. It was her unvarying custom to deliver to her mistress with her morning breakfast-tray a brief but succinct report of her experiences during the previous night; and upon one particularly bright morning toward the close of the nineteenth century, she began, as she set down the tray on a table by Mrs. Kelsey's bed and wrapped a light Shetland shawl round Mrs. Kelsey's shoulders:

"I heard it again just at daybreak."

"That mouse!" said Mrs. Kelsey, fumbling under the pillow for her spectacles. "Remind me to order a new trap when I go out to-day."

"I wasn't thinking of no mouse!" said Midgell. "I meant the garden gate next door."

"Why, you silly thing!"—Mrs. Kelsey chipped her egg—"you've heard that garden-gate click regularly between two o'clock and half-past three in the morning for seven years. That comes of not being able to sleep like ordinary folks and of living next door to an astronomer. It scarcely seems respectable or proper to get your living by sitting up all night with your eye at the small end of a telescope—when you're a married man—but it's a Government appointment, Midgell, and I hope you know better than to run down the institutions of your country."

"I ain't running 'em down," said Midgell, shortly. "I said I heard the next door gate click, and so I did. Twice I heard it: once at one o'clock in the morning, and again at three. Once at one and again at three."

"Dear me, Midgell!" said Mrs. Kelsey, buttering her toast, "you must have been dreaming."

This put Midgell's back up. "Dreaming!" she said, with a snort, "why, I haven't slept a wink before half-past five in the morning for twenty-five years, and not always then, the——!"

"Well, well, my girl," remonstrated her mistress, "don't get put out for nothing! Now, I think of it, it was very natural that the gate should click. Probably Mrs. Baldock" (Baldock was the surname of the Astronomer) "had been with friends to the theater or a party, and you heard her letting herself in, that's all."

"There's more than Mrs. Baldock would be let in," said Midgell, with an awful look, "if it was known that she had let in herself at that gate at one o'clock every night for the last three months. You may open your eyes at me," she continued, addressing her mistress, whose circular gaze betokened intense surprise, "but it's the simple truth. There's a skeleton in that poor Mr. Baldock's cupboard as'll walk out one day and strike him as pale as marble on his own threshold."

"Sarah Ann Midgell!" this form of invocation was only used by Mrs. Kelsey in moments of great intensity, "do you mean to tell me that you believe his wife is deceiving him?"

Midgell's nod would have done credit to an opium eater. "I do," she said; and after drawing a long breath; "she is and has been for three months. I never breathed of it till now, but the murder's out at last."

"Take away the tray; what you've told me is breakfast enough for me," ordered her mistress, "and sit down on the chair by the bedside and tell me everything."

Midgell obeyed.

"You know that ever since Mr. and Mrs. Baldock, came—a young married couple—to live next door," she commenced, "Mr. Baldock has gone to his all-night work at the Observatory, rain or shine, blow high or blow low, punctual at six o'clock, coming back in the small hours of the morning between two and three. Never sleeping myself, I've got to know his hours, and my hearing being that sharp as the cat can't sneeze in the kitchen without my hearing her, though my bedroom's on the top floor front, the click of the gate behind that man has got to seem quite natural. But one broad moonlight night, three months ago, I heard that gate click at one o'clock in the morning."

"You said it was a moonlight night, and at the same time one o'clock in the morning," said the old lady irritably. "I do wish you would be more precise."

"I may have been half-baked at five years old," said Midgell, "but I've got a head on my shoulders and not a crummy loaf of bread. The gate clicked at one, precise, by mother's silver watch, and as for the moonlight, I was sitting by the winder in my dressing-gown darning a stocking by the light of it, with my feet on another chair. 'He's back early,' thought I, without a thought in my mind but that Mr. Baldock wasn't feeling quite himself, when I glanced out and saw that unblushing thing——"

"Mrs. Baldock?" interrupted Mrs. Kelsey.

"When I looked out and saw Mrs. Baldock run as quick as greased lightning up the front garden path. I heard the front door unlocked and shut, and says I, 'Ho!'"

"Ho?" echoed Mrs. Kelsey.

"Ho! my lady! You've been to a concert or an op', have you?"

"That was very familiar, Midgell," objected the old lady.

"At three o'clock, just as I rolled up my stockings, finished," went on Midgell loftily ignoring the rebuke, "Mr. Baldock came home. And by the soft, considerate, gliding way he went up the path and let himself in, I could see that Mrs. Baldock hadn't told him of her outing."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the old lady.

"I can't think what it was made me keep my eye on the Baldock's front gate all next day," said Midgell.

"Curiosity," said the old lady.

"All the curiosity I ever had was baked out of me at five years old," said Midgell, "I was cured at that age of a tendency to poke my nose in where it had no business, and if I ever relapse I'll let you know."

"Well, well!" remarked Mrs. Kelsey.

"I saw Baldock with his little bag that holds his instruments and his night flask and his sandwiches——"

"How do you know what he carries in that bag?" cried Mrs. Kelsey.

"Because their last maid but four told me," said Midgell. "At six he went with his little bag and clicked the gate behind him, and at half-past six Mrs. B., she went with her little bag, and clicked the gate after her, and at one in the morning she came creeping home, and that she has done for three months past, to my certain knowledge, unconscious of any wakeful eye looking out of the top-floor front bedroom window."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Kelsey in horror, "dear, a deary me! And she such a soft-spoken, quiet-mannered, pretty young creature."

"Better have had her complexion baked brown for life in a quick oven, like mine was at five year old," said Midgell sternly, "than use her prettiness to lead hearts astray and wreck an honest husband's life. And who's to tell him? For he's got to be told. If he does make a profession of looking through a telescope all night, that ain't no reason why he's to spend his life with blinkers on. He's got to be told and you must tell him.

Pictorial Review

ELEGANT DINNER GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

"Oh, don't say that, Midgell," implored the mild old lady. "How can I go and tell another woman's husband that she isn't fit to be his wife? And I haven't seen the things you speak of. I've been asleep and dreaming, and if I could be sure you had, too, I should be grateful."

"Me asleep and dreaming!" screamed Midgell inexpressibly scandalized. "Me that never close my eyes before the tick of six, and am broad awake at ten minutes to seven, and would be if I grazed my supper off a bed of poppies."

"There, there, I'll sit up with you to-night," said poor Mrs. Kelsey, "and make sure of that poor thing's shortcomings for myself before I expose her to her husband. Oh, dear," she put her handkerchief to her overflowing eyes. "When I'm to go to tea with her this very afternoon and hear some of her new songs, the poor dear, that she sings so sweetly and prettily. I shall choke in my cup, I know, meeting her eye and knowing that I'm to play the spy on her this very night as ever is! I don't believe I can go, I really don't, Sarah Ann!"

Thus the kind-hearted old woman mourned. But she did not fail to keep her appointment with Mrs. Baldock, arrayed in her nicest black silk gown and newest bonnet. Mrs. Baldock jumped up from her chair when her visitor entered her drawing-room, and met her with outstretched hands.

"Dear Mrs. Kelsey, you're not looking well!" she said, as she kissed the old lady. "Haven't you been sleeping lately?"

"My dear, I have, but I sha'n't to-night," said poor Mrs. Kelsey. "At least I'm going to try—dear me! I don't know what I'm talking about."

Her admiring womanly gaze became riveted upon her hostess's right hand. "Goodness me, what a lovely diamond ring!" she gasped.

Mrs. Baldock smiled and dimpled and moved her pretty white hand to encourage the diamond to sparkle more. "I've worn it three weeks," she said, "and Archie hasn't noticed it once! Isn't he a blind old dear!"

"Didn't he—" Mrs. Kelsey quaked.

"Give it to me? Why, you know what a small salary he gets," said Mrs. Baldock, with a saucy lift of her pretty chin. "How could he buy diamond rings? This was sent to me, and by whom I couldn't tell you, because I don't know."

"Oh, dear," groaned Mrs. Kelsey, who thought the story a very poor one. "I see you've had the drawing-room newly furnished. Midgell saw the vans unloading a heap of things a week ago, and now I know what they were."

"Midgell keeps her eyes open by day as well as by night," said Mrs. Baldock with a gay laugh, and Mrs. Kelsey shivered, knowing how true the observation was. As her hostess gave her a second cup of tea and went to the square piano—an exquisite instrument—she looked at her observantly. Mrs. Baldock had always been a pretty young creature, with her gray eyes and ruddy-brown hair, her pale complexion, piquant features, and slight graceful figure. But she was more than pretty now—she was charming; she was more than stylish; she was *chic*. An air of satisfied triumph—an *aura* of success seemed to exhale and emanate from her pretty personality; she had the air of a woman who nurses a delightful secret, all her own. She sang song after song in her clear ringing voice, to her old friend; and unlearned in music as the old lady was, even her unscientific ear could not but detect that the rendering was admirable, the expression masterly. She was so charmed and enthralled that she forgot to be suspicious, and only remembered all the dreadful things she had heard about her pretty young friend when she got home and was pounced upon by Midgell.

"You ought to a-had it out then and there. You'd oughtn't to a-left the house without opening that man's eyes (meaning Mr. Baldock) to what's going on under his nose."

"But he was in bed, Sarah Ann," faltered the poor old lady. "You know he sleeps from four in the morning until eight, when he breakfasts, and goes to bed again at three in the afternoon, getting up at five."

"I know it, and it's Mrs. Baldock's only excuse," said Midgell, in an awful voice, "for playin' havoc with her marriage vows, that she's married to a husband who lives upside down."

Mr. Baldock, who was a good-looking, well-dressed man of twenty-five, and not at all scientific in appearance, was at that moment sitting in a comfortable chair in his wife's pretty drawing-room smoking a cigarette and reading the newspaper. He lowered the sheet as his wife came into the room.

"How was the new star last night?" she asked, before dropping a kiss on the top of her husband's head.

"It was as usual," said the Astronomer, " a little fainter than the second magnitude. There will be a revival of its brilliancy in about thirty hours, and within five-and- a-half hours more it will have reached normality. In these months it is not favorably visible, being immersed in the vapors and twilight on the northern horizon; but in the autumn and spring months it may be viewed with advantage. Unlike your pretty self, my dear, who are an equally bright and pleasant object to the eye all the year round."

"Oh, Archie!" Mrs. Baldock gave him a choking hug. "To think of you saying that—*and meaning it*, after seven married years! Why don't more women marry astronomers? There would be less unhappiness, I feel sure. Why don't they?" she exclaimed.

"Perhaps because the supply of astronomers is somewhat limited," said Archibald Baldock, kissing his wife's hand. "By the way, Letty, my darling, don't you want a check for the rent?"

"Not just now," said Mrs. Baldock, resting her chin comfortably upon the top of Baldock's head. "In fact, it's paid."

If so sweet-looking a creature could be said to look cunning, Mrs. Baldock did at that moment.

"Paid!" echoed Baldock, in mild surprise. "Oh, I see," he added, "you have thought it best to let the tradespeople wait a little and pay up the rent, and I think you acted sensibly. But you must settle with Thump and Crowder to-day."

"I did settle with them—yesterday," said Letty Baldock, biting her pretty lip, as she looked down the bridge of her husband's nose.

"Out of your allowance? My poor pet! What a brute I have been!" cried Baldock.

He started up, and knocked Letty's chin and made her bite her tongue—at least she accounted for the tears that were in her eyes, and the hysterical laughter that convulsed her, by saying she had. And then he took her on his knee and talked most unscientific nonsense. And then it was time to start. And by the time Letty had put on his hat for him, and hung his fur overcoat upon his arm, and fetched his bag, stored with all the things Midgell had enumerated, she had quite forgotten that she had intended to make a confession to her husband. She kissed her hand to him from the doorstep as the gate clicked, and he hurried down the road, and then she shut the door and rang the bell that communicated with the kitchen.

"I will have some chicken and salad sandwiches for supper," she said to the smart maid who answered the bell, "and a half-bottle of moselle. Leave the tray in my dressing-room, as usual, and don't sit up later than ten. I shall be in at the usual time."

And Mrs. Baldock smiled and dimpled, and the maid smiled and giggled.

"Oh, if you please'm," she burst out, as though the words could not be kept in, "me and cook wanted to say how we did enjoy ourselves last night at the——"

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Baldock, laying the diamond-ringed finger upon her lips. "So you liked the singing and the dancing, eh?"

"Particularly when Miss Chiffie Flabelle was doing her bit," said the housemaid. "Cook said she thought her as beautiful as an angel. Oh'm, her frocks!"

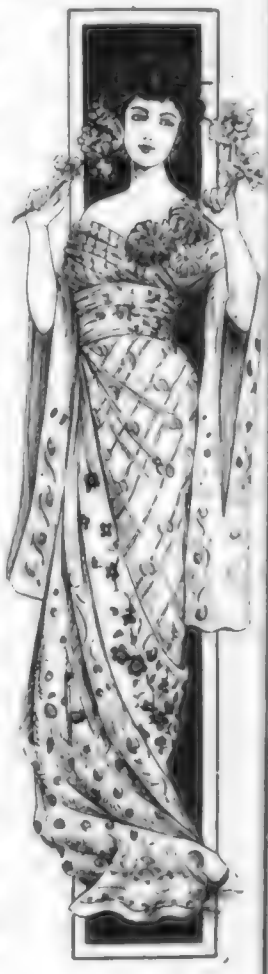
"They're considered pretty," said Mrs. Baldock. "Mind you hide all those illustrated papers I lent you if by accident the master should look into the kitchen. Now I must get my hat and run, or I shall be late for the train."

And the garden-gate clicked after her in ten minutes.

"There she goes!" said Mrs. Kelsey. "Oh, when I think I'm going to sit up and watch for her to-night I feel horribly mean.

"You'll feel as heavy as lead," said the inexorable Midgell, "if you don't get a nap between this and half-past eleven. So have your supper now, and then lie down. I'll have you up in time, depend on me."

And she did have Mrs. Kelsey up in time. The agitated old lady, arrayed in a dressing-gown and a Shetland shawl, witnessed with her own eyes the return of the guilty wanderer at one o'clock in the morning. At three precisely, Archibald Baldock inserted his key in the garden door. Then an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, for a strangely-draped figure stood at his elbow, and the voice of Midgell said:



"My missus wants to speak to you!"

"Dear me!" said the Astronomer, feeling for his eyeglasses. "Isn't it rather early?"

"It's too late as it is," replied Midgell, darkly.

"But what does your mistress want of me?" asked the Astronomer. "Ah, I have it! Somebody has broken in and stolen something."

"Somethink has bin stolen," said Midgell, with a portentous sniff, "but you're the party robbed, and you're going to know it. I may have bin baked crusty when a tender infant of five, but I've heart enough to feel for you, you miserable victim."

"My good woman," protested the Astronomer.

(*Concluded on page 21.*)

HANDSOME CLOTH SKIRTS.

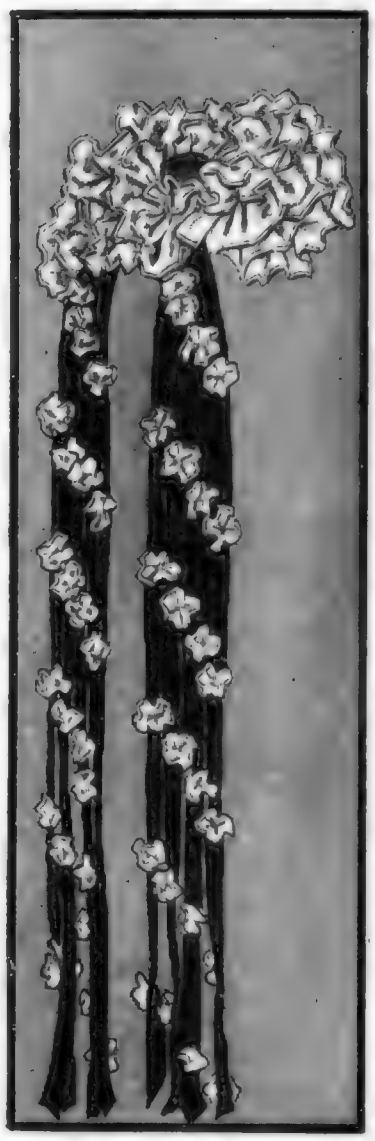
(Described on page 38.)

Which is the More Powerful Wit or Beauty?

WIT and Beauty, the mere words rouse our imagination with the power of some magician's spell. We hear them, and in a moment, through the bright kaleidoscope of fancy we see the pomp and pageantry of the picturesque past, and all the glories of "the brave days of old." Time and distance vanish. We hear the clash of swords on brazen helmets and see the tossing plumes of Greek warriors on the plains of Troy. We are among the eager throng of fashionable youth who, in the palmy days of ancient Alexandria, thronged the steps of that lecture-room, where the fair and fated Hypatia vainly strove to stay the progress of triumphant Christianity. Or, we skip the centuries and join a gay company riding beneath April skies to the tournament, with jingling bridle and glittering spur, and merry talk of the bright "Queen of Beauty," whose smile will add zest to the combat and grace to the prize. Or, we are in the courtly part of old France, high heels patter on the gleaming floors that reflect the soft light of many candles, delicate laughter, and repartee, sharp and keen as the gallants' rapiers, flashes and plays around.

Some of the graceful figures are familiar to us, and we easily recognize the piquant, irregular features of the woman whose sparkling words make her the life and center of the brilliant gathering. Wit and beauty—they are charms frail and fleeting as a wild-rose bloom, but so powerful that through all the ages they have reigned triumphant over the bodies and souls of men, binding them with chains sweet as garlands, but strong as adamant.

But, often as they are associated together in our minds, Wit and Beauty are really rivals. The feud between Venus and Minerva has lasted since Paris made his unhappy choice, and the question is not without interest whether, of the women who have left their sign and superscription on the page of history, the fair face or the keen intellect held wider sway.



Cherchez la femme is a saying containing another than the obvious meaning, for, whatever it may be in the coming promised day of women's supremacy, hitherto her place has been behind the scenery of life. Not at all in any secondary or Cinderella capacity, quite otherwise; for though she has no part on the stage she has pulled the strings and directed the dance of the puppets, so we must seek for her history in the history of the men who came under her influence. The world is even not yet used to women of action. It burnt Joan of Arc for a witch, and it has looked with a jealous eye upon the New Woman of every age.

Painter and scholar, soldier and poet, they pass before us, the mighty men whose life-story would not be complete without the name of one beloved woman. Passionate, mystic Dante, worshipping the memory of his lost Beatrice, half goddess and half love; Andrea del Sarto, with his wistful face and hungry heart, pouring out the devotion of a lifetime at the feet of the beautiful, selfish wife who wrecked his life and hindered his art. The gentle, dreamy Chopin, cherishing his ill-fated adoration of the great French authoress. Antony, Petrarch, Goethe, Shelley—on they pass, the long procession of silent, stately shades, men of many ages and many nations, all united now under one Sovereign, in the vast, timeless Court of Love. We give our admiration to their high gifts, and our reverence to the great love they bore—a love that bade them neither fear Hell nor hope for Heaven.

And of the women in whose delicate hands lay the fate of these lives—what of them? Did they rise in the dignity of their high calling as queens over the great ones of the earth? Were they, like the princess of the fairy stories, good as they were beautiful? Not all of them. Some, indeed, like Dante's Beatrice were to their lovers a true guiding star, lighting them along the high paths of inspiration to heroic deeds and lovely works. Some, alas! like Lucretia, were only will-o'-the wisps—false lights, leading men to darkness and places where death is. And there are others, gentle ladies, whose fascinations must be sought for with lover's eyes, to us they appear only amiable, virtuous women. Their charm must have lain rather in the homelier graces of receptivity and sympathy than in the dazzling dower of intellect or beauty.

But these are they who, though they exercised a strong and abiding influence upon certain individuals were not necessarily potent to subdue the many. Let us turn to the women whose names are more remembered as inspiring the admiration of all, rather than the life-long adoration of one. The fair diplomatists of the French Court, the brilliant *bas bleus* of the salons, Catharine of Russia's masculine intellect, hapless Mary of Scotland's fatal beauty, or her royal cousin's caustic wit—which was the more supreme in its power over men?

Many men, many minds. Beauty will always appeal to the multitude, wit will be appreciated only by the witty few—"witty," at least, in the sense of the writer who says we are all poets when we read a poem well. But the days of Beauty's reign are soon numbered, and if she be wise, she will listen to old Herrick's song, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"; for, if the passing hours that steal so much from loveliness bring nothing in exchange—no sweet store of charity or golden grain of wisdom—she may well watch with dread the fall of the sand in the hour-glass, and fear the time when her Dead Sea apples will turn to dust and ashes. The witty woman will be ever young and charming. Time can rob her of nothing; he will only add to her wit the worth of experience. Of her, it may be said, as it was of that dark Queen of Egypt, who was herself compared to the serpent, the type of wisdom:—"Age cannot wither or custom stale her infinite variety."

* * *

APHORISMS.

Woman is an angel who seldom appreciates a man who has not a bit of the devil in him.

* * *

The cheerful woman is the only one who makes her male companion successfully fight the battle of life. With her at his side nothing is impossible to him. He drinks health and strength at her fountain.

* * *

A woman should remember that a woman with sorrows may be very interesting, but that a woman with grievances is an intolerable bore. The sad, long-faced woman is the killer of all the energies of the man who lives with her.

CHIC BALL GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

DAINTY NEGLIGÉES.

(Described on page 38.)

NOVEL IDEAS IN NET, VELVET AND CLOTH GOWNS.

(Described on page 38.)

STAGE HAPPENINGS.

NEW YORK theatergoers are enjoying a season of unusual brilliancy, especially at the present moment when our leading theaters are presenting stars of first magnitude, and stock companies are trying to excel each other in the production of interesting plays.

* * *

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, England's noted actress, is undoubtedly receiving the greatest share of attention, and her renditions of the rôles of Magda, Paula Tanqueray, The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, etc., have been met with more than usual interest, and have shown us a most successful and talented artist at her best.

Particular interest was created by her rendition of The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, which has been given here but a few times, and which was written for and originally acted by Mrs. Campbell in London.

* * *

Another success has been scored by the Frohman Stock Company at Daly's Theater in the production of "Frocks and Frills" with Miss Hilda Spong in the leading part. "Frocks and Frills," by Scribe and Grundy, is a blithesome play—a dramatization of gowns—as it were, and the wearers, from those, who were important in the plot, to those who were merely lay figures have been so carefully chosen, that women's eyes were transfixed, and even men's did not wander.

* * *

A theatrical novelty, and one which strongly appealed to admirers of delicate comedy was the act of Rostand's, "The Romanesques," preceding "Sweet and Twenty" at the Madison Square Theater. "The Romanesques" is a travesty of Romeo and Juliet, concluding in a burlesque of the romantic school of plays. It is told in rhyme, skilfully constructed, with humor artfully wrought from the tender and romantic passages.

* * *

"The Wilderness," at the Empire Theater, with Margaret Anglin and Chas. Richman in the title rôles, is meeting with great success, and the interest taken in this newest problem play is evidenced by the large audiences that nightly crowd this favorite place of amusement.

* * *

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry" is meeting with such success at the Criterion that it is necessary to purchase the tickets several weeks in advance.

* * *

Otis Skinner in "Francesca da Rimini" at the Victoria is a favorite with the admirers of the classic drama.

* * *

At the Savoy Theater Miss Elsie De Wolfe will very soon again produce "The Way of the World," much to the delight of those who were unable to see her when she produced this play earlier in the season.

* * *

Richard Mansfield will soon terminate his engagement at the Herald Square Theater, devoting the last weeks to "Beaucaire." Lulu Glaser will take his place with "Dolly Varden."

* * *

Very many will regret that the uptown progress of business will make the demolition of the Lyceum Theater a necessity next Summer. The plays produced have been almost invariably of literary and dramatic worth and their presentation in the matter of scenery and costumes as well as acting representative of the best art of the drama.

* * *

"The Toreador," with Francis Wilson at the head, is drawing New Yorkers to the Knickerbocker. The audience takes delight in this musical comedy, finds enjoyment in hearing pretty girls sing merry airs, seeing them dance and swing their draperies to their own tunes, and to laugh at the fun of the comedians. The more attractive is all this when gorgeous scenery and varied and beautiful costumes are added.

Scene from "The Wilderness," with Margaret Anglin and Chas. Richman.

HANDSOME THEATER GOWNS.

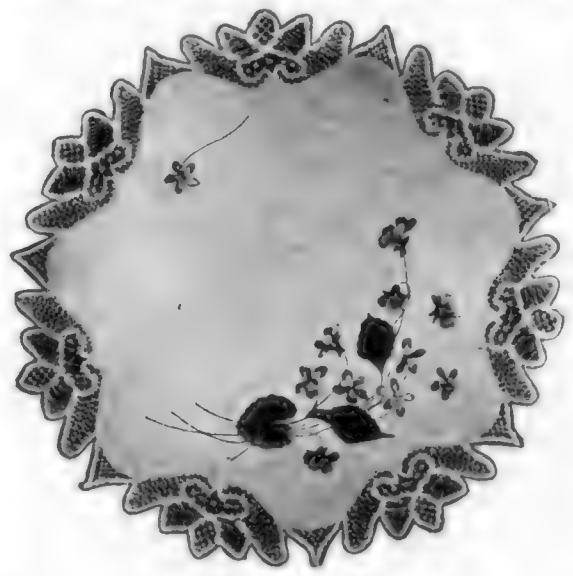
(Described on page 38.)

VIOLET DESIGN] No. 675C, WITH BATTENBERG LACE EDGE.

THE violets in this design are natural size, but the design is not crowded and the effect very pretty. A variety of stitches may be used in the Battenberg edge, every figure may be made alike, or the same stitches may alternate as desired. Be careful in basting on the braid or all the work put into the stitches will be of no avail. The lace work being finished the inner edge of the braid should be secured to the linen as usual.

For the flowers use Corticelli Filo silk, violet, 651, 651.5, 726, 727, 728, 729, 729.5. Work them solid in feather stitch, which is frequently wrongly called the Kensington stitch. The full-blown flowers may be embroidered in the lighter shades of violet, but for the buds and half-open flowers use the darker shades, such as 729 and 729.5. Do not use too many shades in one flower, as the light and shade effect may best be expressed by using different shades in different flowers. In the centers of the open flowers work a few stitches in satin stitch with yellow, 743.8.

There are few leaves in this design and they are large. The best effect will therefore be obtained by working in long and short stitch, and



Violet Design No. 675C.

the veins in outline stitch, using Corticelli Filo silk, green, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784. The stems may also be worked in outline stitch with one of the darker greens. In working the calyxes which show against the half-blown flowers use light shades on a dark flower and vice versa.

The materials required for this very pretty centerpiece are Corticelli Filo silk, 1 skein each, 651, 651.5, 726, 727, 728, 729, 729.5, 743.8, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784. Battenberg Braid, No. 6, 12 yards. One ball, No. 100 thread. Should local fancy goods stores not be able to furnish this pattern it can be ordered direct from the firm. The stamped linen, twenty-two inches in diameter, will cost only forty cents.

ROUND CHATELAINE BAG NO. 11.

This purse is a beauty, and cannot fail to be admired whenever worn. It measures four and one-half inches in diameter. String three bunches of beads on one spool of Corticelli purse twist, and begin with four chain stitches, joined to a ring, in which do 8 s. c. (single crochet), a bead in every stitch (i. e., stick in the next stitch, draw the thread through, push a bead close to loop on the needle, and finish the stitch by drawing through both loops). In the second round do 2 s. c. in every stitch of previous round, in 3d round do 1 s. c. in 1st, 2 s. c. in 2d, so you have 24 stitches in the round, and increase thus (8 stitches) in every round until you reach the 25th round, with 200 stitches. Crochet 2 rounds, without any increase, which completes one side of the bag, and should measure 4¾ inches in diameter.

With the second spool of silk work the other side of the bag in the same manner, and join both sides with single crochet; leave enough open to fit the top, on which crochet each side separate, 3 rows s. c., back and forth, to be fastened on the frame. String tassels of beads around the edge of the bag, as follows: Fasten a thread of purse twist close to the left end of the frame, string 55 beads on same, twist, by turning the silk several times to the left, hold it firm, so it does not untwist again, and fasten at the place from which you started before beginning the next. The materials required are two one-half ounce

Round Chatelaine Bag No. 11.

spools gray Corticelli purse twist, color 1164. Six bunches No. 10 steel beads. One No. 1 star crochet hook. One 4½-inch white metal bag frame.

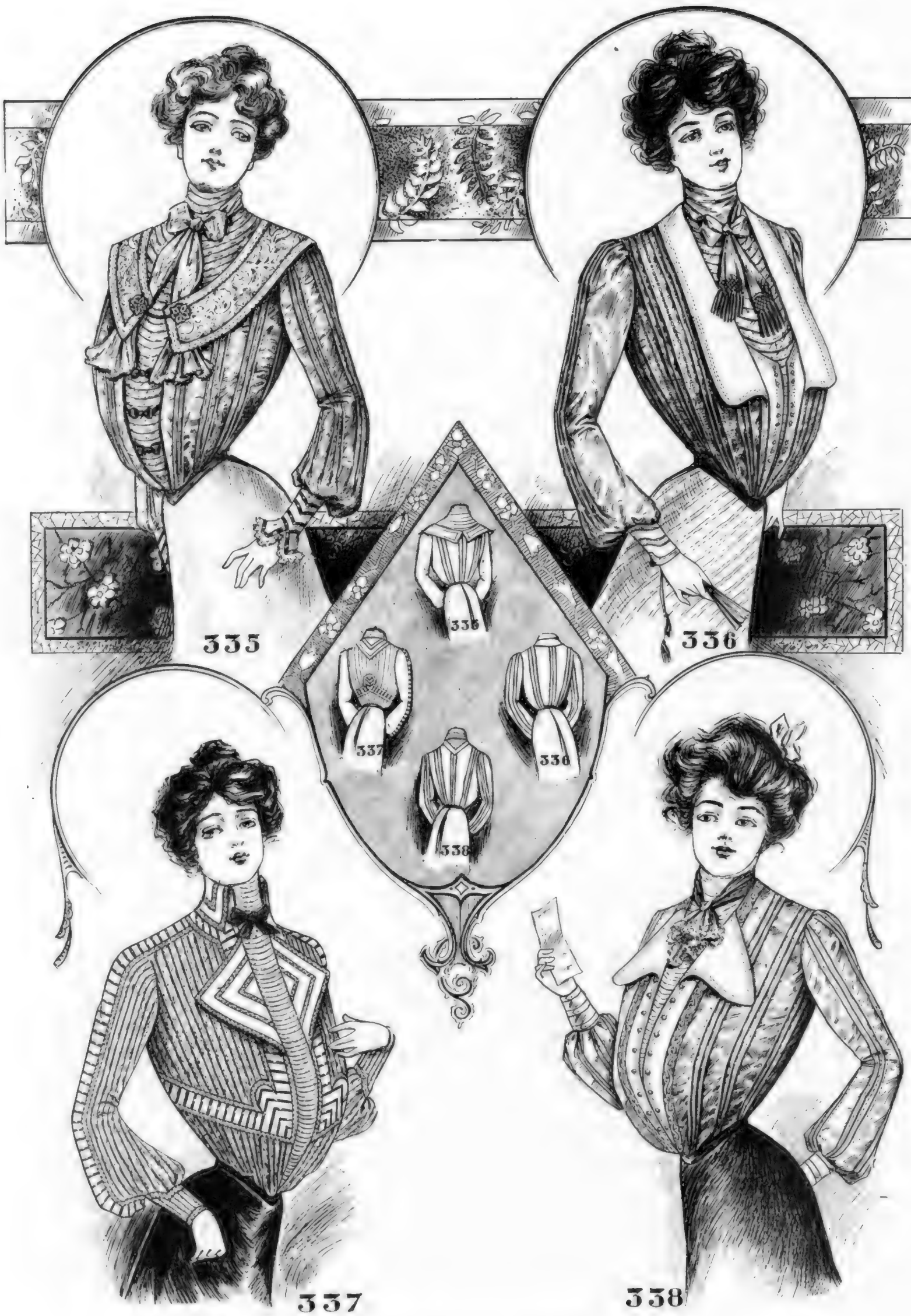
SUGGESTIONS IN] NEEDLEWORK.

At the beginning of the season there are many new suggestions in needlework for our readers. Work that will be interesting and employ the hours which must be spent indoors, and work that will be useful, when considering the useful gifts which can be made for friends and acquaintances. To meet these different requirements, it seems well to supply designs and give minute directions for some of the elaborate pieces of embroidery which are applicable to home decoration, as well as to suggest many simpler patterns and recipes for knitting and crocheting articles quickly made, and certainly acceptable during the approaching season.

Notwithstanding the immense use of sewing machines, and despite the many amusements and employments which occupy so much of ladies' time and attention, it may safely be affirmed that the demand for fancy and decorative needlework is as great as ever, and that large and elaborate pieces of work are much in fashion, while knitting retains its popularity. At the present time, everything that is beautiful and artistic may be procured for decorating house and home, and almost emulating the industry of some of our ancestresses. I have found ladies undertaking to work the whole suite of curtains, bedspread, chair and sofa covering in some of this new work, which is effective and quickly done.

Matelassé honeycomb darning. This work is applicable to a variety of useful and decorative purposes. It is easily and quickly executed, and the effect, when finished, is excellent. The foundation upon which it is worked is a cotton fabric made in white or buff, and can be had in narrow and wide widths. When worked in the best tapestry crewel wool it has the great advantage of being easily washed. A set of chairbacks, cushions, and bedspreads have been worked with great effect. The only stitches required are simple stem-stitch, which must be used in outlining the design, and a darning stitch carried under the upper threads of the material fills in the pattern. In commencing the work, it is best to do all the darning of each leaf and petal before working the outline in stem-stitch, which completes the flower or leaf. The right side of the material upon which to work is somewhat like huckaback toweling, and the manner of working is by running the wool under each thread. The darning is only done on the surface, not through the foundation; while the outlying stem-stitch is always taken through the material. The best needles for this work are the ordinary wool needles with blunt point. The flowers should be worked in their natural colors—three or four shades are required for flowers and for leaves; in the design the poppies are scarlet, yellow and lilac, and the leaves not too bright a shade. When the work is finished a good wide trimming of Torchon lace makes it complete, whether for chair and sofa backs or tablecovers, etc.

A beautiful bedspread has been made in this work by having a large square of the Matelassé traced and worked in one of the bold designs; this square should be bordered with an insertion of coarse Torchon lace. Four strips must then be worked as a border in the same design, and are joined with beveled edges at the corners, and then finished with Torchon lace. This plan is advisable in making a large bedspread, as the size of the work as a whole would be somewhat unwieldy and awkward, but for a small bed it could be worked in one piece.



DRESSY SILK WAISTS.

(Described on page 38.)

A NEW STAR.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I'm glad you know one when you see her!" returned Midgell. "Come, now, and see the missus."

And the Astronomer went. He was very pale as he listened to the weeping Mrs. Kelsey's story.

* * * * * * * *

"How silent and grave he has been to-day!" reflected Mrs. Baldock, some fourteen hours later, as she watched the Astronomer go down the garden-path with his bag and overcoat. "I couldn't have told him if I had tried. He might have looked something like that if he had found out without my telling him. But he hasn't."

And she went to get ready. The garden-gate clicked after her, and a moment later Mrs. Kelsey's gate opened and shut, and the spare figure of Midgell shot down the road. All womanly pity must have been baked out of Mrs. Kelsey's housekeeper long ago, with other things. For she followed the Astronomer's wife, to track, spy upon and expose her. When Mrs. Baldock showed her commutation ticket at the station and passed through on to the platform, Midgell took a return ticket, and waited behind a truck of milk-cans until the train came in. Then she took her opportunity and her carriage—in one bound. When Mrs. Baldock left the train, so did Midgell; when Mrs. Baldock emerged into the outer air and took a hansom, Midgell, unseen by her victim, leaped upon the driver's step, and when the infuriated cabman swore and thrust at her with the butt-end of his whip, slid a large, hot 50-cent piece into his ready hand.

"That if you take me where your inside's a-going!" she gasped.

"I 'spose you mean the fare," said the driver, "so come along to the 'Rotunda,' for that's where I'm to drive her. But if you're hooted for unwomanliness, don't blame me, Miss Slater!"

People were too busy to notice Midgell, and she was too much occupied with holding on to notice anything. The drive was a short one. She got down, with a crushed bonnet and a torn dress, and found herself upon the pavement opposite to an open door, through which Mrs. Baldock's dainty skirts were vanishing. Red hot and steaming, as though just extracted from the paternal oven, Midgell plunged after her. An official in a brown uniform with a goldlaced cap barred the way.

"Ullo! Who are you after?" he exclaimed.

"Her!—her with the hat with yellow roses—that's just gone in!" shrieked Midgell, struggling.

"Miss Chiffie Flabelle, you mean!" said the official.

"Miss, indeed!" snorted Midgell. "Why, she's a married woman!"

"All the swell serio-comics are," said the official, "and why shouldn't she be? And if you want to hear her sing 'Kiss in the Ring,' you'd better go round to the entrance."

And the flurried Midgell actually did. What happened, let her in her own words relate to Mrs. Kelsey when in the small hours of the following morning that sleeping old lady let her housekeeper in.

"Oh, Sarah Ann!" she cried, "what has happened? What a night I have spent! What have you done?"

"I've done what I said I would," said Midgell, untying her crushed bonnet. "I've followed Mrs. B. up, and found her out. She is a singer on the vaudeville, the sly, deceiving cat, and I paid to go into one and hear her. There I sat, squeezed up like a penny loaf in that oven of a place, without even room to blush at that feller in pink nothings that lifts the horse and piano. But they clapped for him, and they clapped for her when she came on to sing. 'Kiss in the Ring' the song was called, and in the middle of the hangcores I saw her give a start, and turn pale under her paint, and look down into the front seats, and there, as natural as life—I could swear to the back of his head in a police court, sat Mr. Baldock."

"Her husband?" gasped Mrs. Kelsey.

"He never went to the Observatory at all, but traveled up by an earlier train and saw her portrait as Miss Chiffie Flabelle of the 'Rotunda' in an illustrated paper on the bookstall, and had it all revealed to him in a flash. And he went round to the side door and waited for her, and stepped forward and lifted his hat when she came out and says, as quiet as a pat of butter, 'Will you take my arm?'"

"But oh! how do you know all this?" gasped Mrs. Kelsey.

"Wasn't I there?" said Midgell, rubbing her nose; "and didn't I walk close behind 'em all the way from the 'Rotunda' to the station, and from Metropolitan Station to this gate?"

"And you listened!"

"I heard him and I heard her," said Midgell, unhooking her black silk beaded mantle. "And if it's any satisfaction to you to know that he believes in her with all his heart, and blames himself for havin' been neglectful and kep' her short o' cash; an' admires her for going on the stage to pay the household bills, an' means to let her stop, now she's there, why, that's the long and the short of it!"

"It *is* a satisfaction to me!" said the old lady, heartily. "For I never could really bring myself to believe any harm of her, poor, pretty creature!"

"Ah!" said Midgell, lighting two bedroom candles, and turning out the gas in the hall, "you and that Baldock are a pair of soft ones. If you'd been baked like me you wouldn't be so easily took in." She strode upstairs.

"Upon my word, Sarah Ann," said Mrs. Kelsey, shaking her cap ribbons quite fiercely, as she followed: "there are times when I wish it had never occurred to your mother to open the oven door!"

* * *

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

(Continued from page 7.)

At that moment I saw a friend of mine approaching and fearing recognition I quickly left my retreat, much worried, and devoutly hoping Cheever's soft heart would not play any pranks. About half an hour later I came again upon them as they were shaking hands and I knew by the bored look in Cheever's eyes that the danger was over—his moods beings very quick to change. He caught fire very easily, but it was just as quickly extinguished, he was really a butterfly who flew from flower to flower and tarried only for the pleasure of the moment. Yet, so strong was his personal magnetism that everybody liked him in the end, whether they wanted to or not, and for that reason many of his little peccadilloes were condoned by his friends. His wife firmly believed in him, and I think she was always uppermost in his thoughts. I always gave him the benefit of the doubt and was sure that his admiration of woman in general was but the means of comparing them individually with his wife, and am certain that Alice always issued victorious.

As soon as the charming butterfly had fluttered away, I went up to Cheever and, lightly placing my hand on his arm, greeted him pleasantly. Well! his face was a study!

"Have you been here all night?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes, and a very interested spectator, I assure you," I answered with meaning.

He laughed in an embarrassed manner and looked rather guilty.

"Oh, yes, I saw you," I answered the mute question in his eyes, but of course I did not tell him that I had overheard the greater part of his conversation. "I shall not tell Alice, however," and the sigh of relief was enough thanks for me. The spirit of the age is indeed strong, but that which we are fond of calling the "eternal feminine" is stronger still.

* * *

VIYELLA AND ITS EXCELLENT QUALITIES.

The excellent qualities of Viyella, the high-class English cloth are winning more and more friends for it every day, and with every season the demand increases. For the Spring season a quantity of charming new colorings have been produced, also many handsome new designs in stripes, plaids and checks.

Viyella is unexcelled for children's clothing of all kinds, particularly so as it comes in three weights and is therefore suitable for undercloth-ing as well as frocks. The fact that it is guaranteed unshrinkable is one of the strongest points in its favor.

The season for outdoor sports is coming nearer and nearer, and, of course, appropriate costumes for yachting, golfing and tennis are being thought of; for these again Viyella is the most suitable fabric, and personal taste regarding plain or figured materials finds ample scope for selection in the many designs and patterns that have been evolved for the Spring season.

Another point that makes it particularly attractive is the soft and lustrous finish which will not disappear with the most frequent launderings, contrary to other flannels, that not alone shrink but lose their neat and attractive look after their first acquaintance with water.

Viyella is manufactured by Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd., Great Britain, and can be obtained at all leading dry goods stores.

The stamp "Viyella" is placed upon the selvedge every five yards of each piece.

NEVER SLIPS or TEARS
NO STITCHING IN THE ELASTIC
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
THE ONLY CLASP THAT STANDS THE STRAIN OF MODERN USE
The Velvet Grip HOSE SUPPORTER
CUSHION BUTTON
GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Catalogue Free.
LOOK FOR THE NAME ON EVERY LOOP.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOME.

THE constant every-day pleasure that lies in the possession of a beautiful home, its influence on the home life, on the temperament and character of each individual of the household, are things which cannot easily be put in words, yet there is hardly a man so busy that he does not feel a definite satisfaction, a brightening of personality, and a relief from care, under the influence of pleasant surroundings. If a beautiful home is of so much value to a man, how much greater the value to a woman, who spends the greater part of her life "within doors," and whose quicker nature responds most readily to the beauty or dullness of the home.

The success in the funishing and decorating of a home is not by any means a matter of cost, for a simple home rightly furnished and rightly decorated may be fully as attractive and fully as beautiful as one of much greater money value.

The first necessity is a definite scheme that shall be laid out in proportion to the house itself, with a view to obtaining artistic color schemes, attractive pictures of one room from another, and with the distinctive nature of each room characterized by its decoration and furnishing. The scheme may be simple or elaborate, according to the expenditure allowed, but success in any case lies in using this expenditure to the very best advantage. There must be nothing so elaborate that it will make other things look cheap, and nothing so cheap as to appear a temporary makeshift—an eyesore to the whole.

Only too few people realize that the hall is the introduction to a home, the beginning as it were, and is a room of vast importance because a room of first impressions.

Colors have expression and styles of wood and furnishings have character, so avoid a dull or dark hall, lest it suggest a gloomy household. Let the colors be bright enough to suggest a most cordial welcome to a home worth visiting, but see that they have strength and character enough to give that dignity which belongs to all first meetings."

Many modern houses are so designed that as you enter the hall you catch a glimpse or vista of the whole first floor. The idea of separating each room has entirely disappeared and we now use columns and arches to indicate the distinction between different rooms. This does much for both the beauty and the comfort of the modern interior, it admits of long perspective, charming vistas from one room to another, gives an air of generous dimensions and increases the capacity of entertaining a large party of guests. Besides this the decorative possibilities are practically unlimited. It is fortunate indeed that a change of taste in this respect has occurred and that the narrow and bare looking hall (though it often led to sumptuously furnished apartments) is becoming a thing of the past.

Our illustration shows a beautiful arrangement of rooms thrown together, with exceptionally fine grille and column effects.

Of course, a variety of color schemes will at once suggest themselves, for instance, the walls a faint ivory with rose design and the frieze either ivory or pale pink with dainty rococo festoons in pale colors. The stairs and woodwork, in general, a deep, rich mahogany, also the parquet floor, and draperies and portieres in a faint old-rose or a crushed strawberry effect. The quaint settee could be of leather, of old-rose damask or of plush, and through the medium of the Oriental rugs the necessary vivid coloring to bring out the proper harmony would be gained.

Or, with mahogany woodwork a rich dark blue, with touches of orange and gold, would be artistic. The paper could be dark blue with figures of orange, touched with gold, and the frieze in orange.

For a house with southern exposure and much sunlight a cool, gray green with pastel pink might be employed with the best advantage, the portieres in the same shade of green velours and the woodwood in golden oak. Parquet flooring of the same wood with Turkish rugs and the settee and armchair with Spanish leather.

The main object is not to break the imposing effect with too much furniture or to destroy the rich scheme of the design with a quantity of bric-a-brac. Palms and a few foliage plants take away the suggestion of bareness and give it a home-like and cosy aspect, combined with dignity and elegance.

SUGGESTIONS AND IDEAS.

Every one who is aware of the great run there has been on Flemish and Dutch furniture of late. The style has been successful because primitive and bizarre. The black frames and the bright cardinal upholsterings give a strikingly odd color quality to a room, and following, as it did, upon the daintiness of the Louis XIV, XV and XVI periods which were so long in vogue, it had the element of extreme oddity and newness. But, like everything else, there is a call for something different, and the something different may be very easily carried o t in gray woods or California red woods, or pale green, or some other soft tone.

The plain and undecorated character which we call crude Dutch or Flemish will in time give way to something after the order of the old cottage furniture that went out of fashion some twenty years ago. There we had simple wood treatment decorated with flowers. The wood was enameled, frequently, and while it was bereft of all carving, it was interesting by reason of the daintiness of the color treatment. If we go back to Hipplewhite's time we find that many of the effects which Sheraton obtained in inlays on wood Hipplewhite obtained by painting, and much of the Hipplewhite color effects can be reproduced nowadays in plain wood.

There is one subject to consider.

Then again we can readily see how furniture in some neutral color would strike popular fancy. A plain simple line, with frames of gray or a yellow-gray or green-gray—something neutral—and introduce panel effects in cretonne or any other kind of fabric. For chairs this is easily carried out. If bedsteads, let us imagine a simple gray wood, dead finish, no enamel, with a large panel at the head of the bed and panels at the foot of simple widths of brightly colored cretonne framed with a narrow moulding.

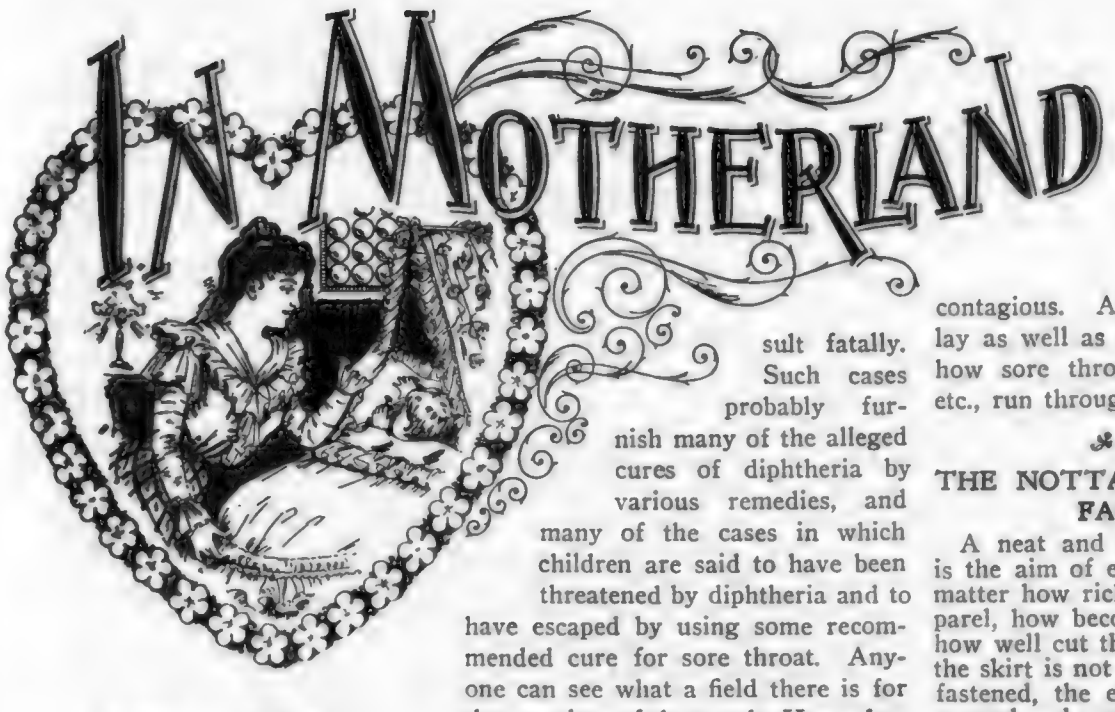
COMMON SENSE DESIGN

Costs about $2,800 in average locations. Study this design, and IF INTERESTED, send 2-cent stamp for LARGE FIGURED floor plans and view; and ANY IDEA you have of A HOME, SEND IT IN, and I will scale it up and submit, giving estimate OF COST and COST OF PLANS. My six books classified are of great help to home builders. Select books according to the cost of house desired. Book No. 12 new and up to date.

Book No. 6 has 56 designs from $250 to $1,500.
Book No. 7 has 57 designs from $1,600 to $2,500.
Book No. 8 has 54 designs from $2,600 to $3,500.
Book No. 9 has 30 (12 stables) $3,600 to $10000.
Book No. 10 has 37 (20 one-story), $450 to $3,000.
Book No. 12 has 45 (New Colonial), $1,200 to $5,000.

Views, plans, descriptions, dimensions, estimates, with modifications to each. Price of books, $1 each; any two $1.50; any four $2; any five $2.50; all six $3. Booklet of 30 sample designs, "How to Start Right and SAVE MONEY," 25 cents (silver). All postpaid.

D. S. HOPKINS, Architect, Dept. R, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



SORE THROAT.

A SORE throat is always a source of apprehension to mothers, and this with good reason. Both diphtheria and scarlet fever are attended by sore throat, and there are various other conditions less serious, but still troublesome enough, in which throat symptoms are prominent.

Some forms of sore throat are attended by an exudation or white coating as, for instance, diphtheria and tonsillitis, while in others the throat is simply reddened and swollen, and in some cases, as in the membranous croup, now usually considered to be a form of diphtheria, nothing unusual is visible in the throat, the loss of voice and croupy cough making it plain, however, to the experienced observer that the seat of trouble is in the larynx or windpipe and inaccessible to ordinary methods of inspection.

These facts suffice to show that the diagnosis of sore throat is by no means always easy, and the danger of neglecting to seek skilled advice cannot be too particularly emphasized.

A common variety of sore throat is that which occurs in connection with what is termed "catching cold." Here the ordinary sequence of events is as follows: First, a cold in the head, then a moderate amount of soreness in the throat, accompanied by some redness and swelling, but without exudation, and then a bronchitis attended by a cough, which at first dry, gradually grows looser and disappears; the old-fashioned "cold on the chest." Sometimes there is only a slight cold in the head, the inflammatory process being cut short and not extending to the throat and brochi.

A common variety of sore throat is tonsillitis; here the tonsils become much distended and are covered with little white spots, each one corresponding to one of the little depressions or crypts in the tonsil, these crypts being filled with pus which shows upon the surface. There is considerable soreness and pain in swallowing, and there may be a high fever, but the cases hardly ever result fatally. Such cases probably furnish many of the alleged cures of diphtheria by various remedies, and many of the cases in which children are said to have been threatened by diphtheria and to have escaped by using some recommended cure for sore throat. Anyone can see what a field there is for the practices of the quack. How often do we hear the expression "my child was threatened with diphtheria." Now to apply the term threatened to a specific disease like diphtheria is a gross absurdity. The child either has it or does not have it. There is no middle ground.

A very painful and distressing form of sore throat is what is called phlegmonous tonsillitis, the old-fashioned quinsy, which is really an abscess of the tonsil, the latter becoming enormously swollen and very sensitive. In bad cases it is impossible to swallow solid food, and even the swallowing of liquids involves much pain. Fortunately the duration of this affection is usually short, although it seems long to the sufferer, and the suffering is out of all proportion to the danger, which is slight. Bad cases may sometimes be quickly relieved by lancing the tonsils, an operation which should, of course, be done only by a competent physician. Quinsy is much rarer among young children than follicular tonsillitis.

There are other and rarer forms of tonsillitis and sore throat which we need not consider here, which sometimes resembles diphtheria very closely. It is now well recognized by the medical profession that a bacteriological examination should be made in all doubtful cases.

Parents are usually frightened by the appearance of "white spots" in a child's throat, and not without reason, for while these spots may mean only a comparatively harmless tonsillitis, they may also mean a dangerous diphtheria. We will not discuss here the treatment of the various forms of sore throat, for we do not think self-treatment advisable or safe. It is far better that every case should be seen at least by a competent physician.

Finally, physicians are often asked the question in cases of sore throat, "Is there anything contagious about it?" It is best to regard every case as contagious until the opposite is proven, and to separate the sick child from other children as far as practicable.

It is indeed hardly too much to say that all varieties of sore throat may be communicated by close contact, e.g., by kissing, using the same spoon, etc. It is a common mistake to think that only the sore throat of diphtheria or scarlet fever is contagious. All observant persons, lay as well as medical, have noticed how sore throats, colds, la grippe, etc., run through a family.

* * *

THE NOTTAHOOK GARMENT FASTENER.

A neat and attractive appearance is the aim of every woman; but no matter how rich and elegant the apparel, how becoming the colors, and how well cut the garment may be, if the skirt is not securely and properly fastened, the effect of the whole is marred and spoiled. In a great many instances the plaquet is at the side, and if it gaps and stands open, presents the same untidy appearance as when the plaquet is in the back of the skirt.

A quantity of skirt fasteners have been placed on the market from time to time, but none of them can equal the Nottahook, which in security and ease of fastening gives perfect satisfaction.

Its special feature is that it slides into position and cannot be pulled apart. It does away completely with all clumsy hooks, and forms a neat, secure and invisible fastening for skirts. Nearly all New York retailers now have them on sale.

* * *

WAXENE, FOR KITCHEN FLOORS.

How to best take care of the floor, particularly the kitchen floor, is a very perplexing problem for every housewife. Where there is no covering it soils easily, and sooner or later about every ingredient used in the process of preparing food is bound to find its way to the floor in spite of the most extreme care. Hot water swells and warps the flooring, causing cracks and seams, and used with soaps and washing powders, will produce cleanliness, but only serves to bring out the blemishes of the wood that have been covered by varnishes and other materials used for the purpose. The ultimate effect of the use of hot water is to cause the grain of the wood to bulge and split, dust accumulates, in time slivers break off, leaving unsightly and depressed spots, necessitating a new floor which is always an item of considerable expense. If the floor is varnished extra precaution in the use of water must be employed; scratches and heel prints are a source of continual annoyance.

All this is done away with by the use of Waxene, which, the manufacturers claim, is the only thing in the world that will protect the floor from hot grease, water, tea and other stains. Soap suds and blueing may be spilled and wiped up without a trace of discoloration.

It makes an especially fine dressing for any kind of wood finished in its natural color, and if applied when painting or varnishing has first been done it will form a protection from being scratched or marred, yet enabling the gloss or polish to be retained and the general appearance to be enhanced.

The manufacturers claim that it will drive away water bugs and other insects, and that rats and mice show such a dislike for its taste that they will keep away wherever it has been used.

"VIYELLA"

THE NEW SPRING WAIST
made of "Viyella" flannel.
The latest effects in designs and colorings for the Spring of 1902.
Solid Colors! Stripes! Plaids!
"VIYELLA" is being largely used for Shirt Waists, Dressing Sacques, Children's Frocks, etc.
Can be obtained at leading DRY GOODS STORES.
"VIYELLA" comes in a heavier weight for Ladies' Golf, Tennis and Yachting Suits.
"VIYELLA" is stamped on selvedge of every five yards.
DOES NOT SHRINK.

The Best International Dentifrice
ARNICA TOOTH SOAP
ARNICA TOOTH SOAP
Hardens the gums—cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth—sweetens the breath. No powder or liquid to spill—most convenient package to carry or use. At all Druggists 25c.
C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.
The Medicated CROUP Necklace or Amulet.

The great scourge of child life, CROUP, has been deprived of its terrors by this wonderful little discovery. It is the only safeguard known. It is worn next the skin, forming a medicated barrier and close protection to the croup centre. **It is clean, pleasant and sure preventive.** The originator never intended to make money from its sale and the small sum asked but covers cost of making and mailing. Price, 50c. and 25c.

Our Medicated Pillow Pad quickly relieves Hay Fever, Grippe and Asthma.
For Sale by Druggists or
MEDICATED CROUP NECKLACE CO., Goshen, Ind.

Sensational Skirt Selling
Ladies' Made-to-Measure ALL WOOL DRESS SKIRTS $5.00

This extraordinary skirt selling is to introduce our new custom department to the ladies of the United States. Handling the entire output of woolen mills we save every profit for our customers. Can't tell just how long such prices will last, so send in your measure and order immediately.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY GARMENT to be
1st—Man Tailored;
2d—Latest Style;
3d—Perfect Fit; no job lots;
4th—All wool, men's woolens, New Spring Goods;
5th—A better garment than you ever had at double the money.

Don't delay; come or send to-day. Variety of patterns to suit any fancy.
LADIES' CUSTOM SKIRT CO.
181 E. Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEAT SCHOOL FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)

DIPLOMACY.

MRS. BEATRICE MARKHAM swept into her husband's study, a vision of loveliness, shedding around her the faintest odor of a delicious perfume, and rustling her silk draperies in a way that showed she was laboring under excitement.

"I have done it!" she cried.

"Really," replied a voice from behind a newspaper, in a tone of aggravating indifference.

"I have, indeed," continued Mrs. Markham, "and now beyond the power of retraction I am a member."

"Of what?" inquired her husband. He had had the matter dinned into his ears for the last month, but he considered it diplomatic to feign ignorance.

Very slowly Markham lowered his paper and looked at the excited, angry face of his pretty wife.

"You wretch," she snapped, irritably. "Of the Independence League, of course. What else do you think I had joined, Tom?"

"Had no idea," he answered, resuming his paper.

"And, as I say," continued Beatrice, "our vows are very solemn and absolutely binding. Like the laws of the Medes and Persians, the oath we take cannot be broken."

"Swearing, Bee!" said Markham, with a curious smile behind his paper; "I am shocked!"

"You understand what I mean quite well," returned his wife, angrily; "only you are too irritating to be nice. But, I tell you there is no withdrawing. I shall not cost you a penny in the future; I shall write, or something, and so earn sufficient for my wants."

"How very nice," ventured Markham.

"It is well one of us is nice; you may laugh and sneer," cried his wife, "but——"

"I assure you, Bee," interrupted Markham, dropping his paper, "I am not laughing or sneering. I quite appreciate your desire to be independent. It is a most laudable ambition, I am sure."

In his heart he was thinking how ill-equipped she was for a struggle with the world; but Bee was mollified a little, and vouchsafed a wintry smile.

"I assure you, Tom, this is no idle boast," she said, "we members of the Independence League have solemnly bound ourselves to show women that it is not necessary for them to be dependent upon their husbands for a twenty dollar bill for——"

"Rouge?" suggested Markham, innocently.

"How rude you are!" exclaimed his wife, all signs of pacification rapidly disappearing. "You know very well I never use such a thing."

"My dear, I never even hinted that you did," he pleaded.

"We will let such subterfuges pass, Tom," was the icy reply. "In a few days you will see how entirely my mode of life has changed. I shall have occupation to fill my life—my inner life, I mean. I shall write, or something—because I feel I have it in me—and you will be relieved of the very unpleasant burden, which, I am sure, you have found all my wants. They are not very many, it is true, but still, I shall supply them myself in future."

Tom Markham's eyes had wandered to the ceiling during this harangue. He might have been listening to a sermon, so sanctimonious and sleepy did he look. As a matter of fact, he was thinking that his wife had her very best platform manner "on" for his benefit, and felt duly impressed.

"Have I ever grumbled about your expenditure?" he inquired meekly, when she had ceased.

"How could you?" she replied.

"But have I?" he insisted.

"Well, no," she admitted. "Still, I mean to supply everything for myself in future."

"I applaud your ambition," he said, gravely. "Let me see, you say you are going to write, Bee; may I presume and ask what about?"

"Oh," she replied, testily; "stories, or anything."

"A most profitable employment, I am told," he remarked. "May I ask what you have paid for the dress you are wearing?"

"Oh, I have forgotten—not very much, the *gown*," she replied, with a corrective emphasis on the word, "I have on is only fit for morning wear. Not that I really see what that has to do with the matter under discussion."

"Nothing," replied her husband sweetly. "I asked from sheer curiosity, because I wanted to get a basis of calculation from which to estimate your dressing expenses."

"You need not worry about that," she said. "In future you will not have to pay the bills."

"Again, I can only applaud your laudable decision," said Markham. "And I should, you may depend upon it, be the last to stand in the way of your success."

There was a curious twinkle in Markham's eyes as he rose and went to the bell, and Bee watched him a little uneasily.

"In the right-hand drawer of my dresser," he said to the maid who answered his summons, "you will find a parcel from Starr and Frost. Bring it to me, please."

Beatrice listened in silent amazement, and even when the maid had withdrawn she did not speak—still she remembered that there was a pearl necklace at Starr and Frost's which she had very much admired.

"I have been told," said Markham when the door closed, "that literature is a thorny path—in fact, many writers have died in want though fame came afterward. Of course, your lot will be different; at least, I hope so."

The maid re-entered with the parcel and handed it to him.

"Tell Thompson I shall want him to go to Starr and Frost's this afternoon," said Markham to the maid.

"Yes, sir," she replied, and withdrew, while Beatrice watched, in open-eyed wonder, like a statue.

"I should be sorry," said Markham to her when they were alone, "to put you in any way in a position of dependence upon me. Therefore, as I know you would prefer to purchase that little pearl necklace which you admired, from your own literary earnings, I shall return it to the jeweler's—and shall I say that you will call about it next week, when you have got off some stories and things?"

Markham had assumed his platform manner now; but he watched his wife closely as he sat down to write the note.

Her lips trembled, her eyes filled with tears, but her pride bade her keep silence—and the man's heart melted.

"Or will you accept it as a last present?" he added.

Beatrice forgot all about the Independence League. "Tom," she whispered with her arms around his neck, "you are a darling."

"Not at all," he said; adding rather cruelly, "only a wretch."

Darling or wretch Bee bore off the necklace in triumph, and her husband sank down in his comfortable chair, took up his paper again and smiled into its friendly folds in a knowing way. But when Bee re-appeared, ready for luncheon and looking radiant, the paper had been laid aside and Tom stood ready to receive her.

"Tom," she said, demurely, "I am going to resign."

"What?" he asked; he really was most irritating.

"That horried League, of course," she replied.

"But your irrevocable vows?" he inquired. "How can they be broken?"

"Tom," she said, solemnly, "the resignation is mailed."

And then—well, lips were not made for speech only.

* * *

After luncheon Markham informed Thompson that he would not be required to go to Starr and Frost's, whereat Beatrice smiled her sweetest.

A. J. I.

THE STYLES illustrated in PICTORIAL REVIEW are the latest creations of leading Paris designers sent us direct through our Paris House. Subscribing for "Pictorial Review" is the safest way of receiving it every month.

KILL Your Scalp MICROBES!
Send for free sample of Prof. Austin's New Hair Grower and Booklet on Hair and Scalp care. (Twenty years' practice in scalp diseases.) Grow hair an inch a month! Send 2c for postage.
PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 300 McVicker's Theatre Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE MOST PERFECT safety appliance embedded in the **Highest Grade** of Rubber Heels, eclipsing all former ideas of comfort and safety. You can laugh at wet and slippery pavements in SPRING and SUMMER or icy pavements in WINTER.

An Insurance Against Accident

The Creeper is a part of the heel, working automatically—is permanent and effective—requires no attention—doubling the life of the heel and can do no harm to the most delicate surface. If you wear **Creeper Heels** at any time of the year you will obtain perfection of safety and comfort. For sale by dealers generally or by mail **35 cents.** Send size of heel on paper.

DEARING-SCOTT MFG. CO. JACKSON MICH.

AUTOMOBILE COATS Rain, Wind and Dust Proof.

$5.50 Child's Coat, 38 inches long and under, **$3.95**

Express Prepaid.

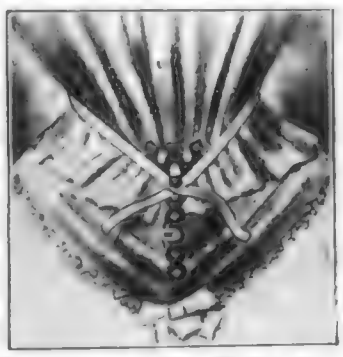
THE SWELLEST GARMENTS ever designed for stylish dressers. Made of mackintoshed union covert. Tan and Oxford Gray. Always to order and to measure. All kinds of fancy coverts, also heptovette or SHOWER PROOF cloth. Prices up to $25. All kinds of special order storm garments. See Ladies' Supply Co. trade mark on each hanger. Skirts or capes $2.50 each.

Men's and Boys' Fine Coats.
LADIES' SUPPLY CO., 3118-20 Forest Ave., B32, CHICAGO.
Send for Fashion Booklet. Garments sent in Chicago for inspection. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

THE ROSALIND

Long Waist and Belt Adjuster

(Patented)



THE ONLY Adjuster in the Market that will Hold a LEATHER BELT Securely in Position with the V-Shaped Long Waist. Extends the waist line of short and stout women, and gives added elegance to the long-waisted woman. **Does away absolutely with all pinning** of shirt waist, belt and skirts, and can be adjusted in a minute. It makes dressing a pleasure rather than a torture. Recommended by the most fashionable dressmakers. Manufactured in Brass, Oxidized and Nickel. Can also be obtained in Gold or Silver.

Oxidized and Nickel, 25c.
Brass, - - - - 35c.

1336 Prudential Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

SUNLIGHT AND OPEN AIR.
Hasten the Invalids Recovery.
TRICYCLES for Cripples and WHEEL CHAIRS for Invalids
Built to Order in Every Size and Style.
We will be pleased to quote you prices on our special work.
Catalogue Free on request.
FAY TRICYCLE & INVALID CHAIR CO., Elyria, Ohio.

ATTRACTIVE CLOTH DRESSES.

(Described on page 38.)

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

CONDUCTED BY MLLE. PRATIQUE.

A NEW AND ATTRACTIVE BLOUSE SLEEVE.

THE sleeves for shirt waists undergo even greater changes than the waists themselves, because while the latter, in a measure, may retain their fundamental idea, the sleeves are radically altered every season, and to evolve a sleeve that shall be suitable and also attractive and neat is the aim of the designer.

The sleeve we illustrate on this page is a blouse model of entirely new design, completed with a pointed cuff. It is fitted at the top and gradually widens from the elbow downward to form a full puff just above the cuff.

Diagram I shows the lining as well as the blouse sleeve, the cuff foundation and the tucked cuff.

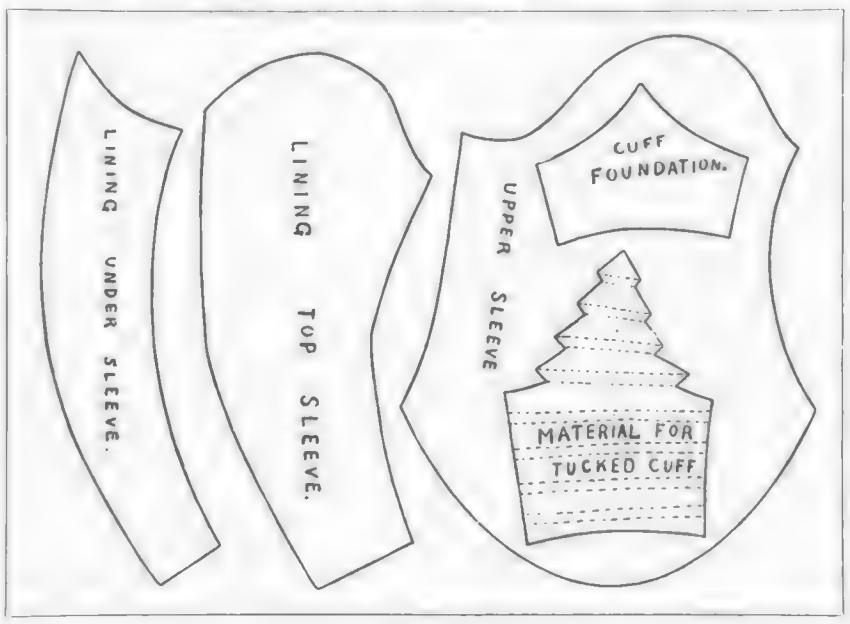
Place the pattern on the material, putting the center on the straight of the thread, and when cutting out allow half an inch for seams. The lining is usually the same for all sleeves.

A blouse sleeve will rarely draw across the top of the arm, yet if not properly shaped it is very likely to do this, for the simple reason of being too short in the rounding. If the sleeve is correctly made all the parts will fall naturally into shape.

Diagram II shows the different stages of the sleeve's completion.

After the lining is cut out, join the outside seam, place the upper sleeve on this, and join both with the inside seam. Gather the fulness at the back and fasten to the lining as shown in Fig. 2.

When the foundation of the cuff has been cut out the interlining, which may consist of crinoline or tailor's canvas is stitched in position, as illustrated in Fig. 4, allowing a generous margin. The outside edge of



Dia. I.

the interlining is felled in position, and then the tucked material is put on top, the edge and stitching concealed with a strap of the same or contrasting material. As will be seen, the cuff is cut with a point which is placed on the inside seam, the narrow part coming toward the back. For further adornment small buttons are added.

The dotted lines in Figs. 2 and 3 are merely put in to designate the shape of the lining and the position of the cuff, and are, of course, not shown in the pattern.

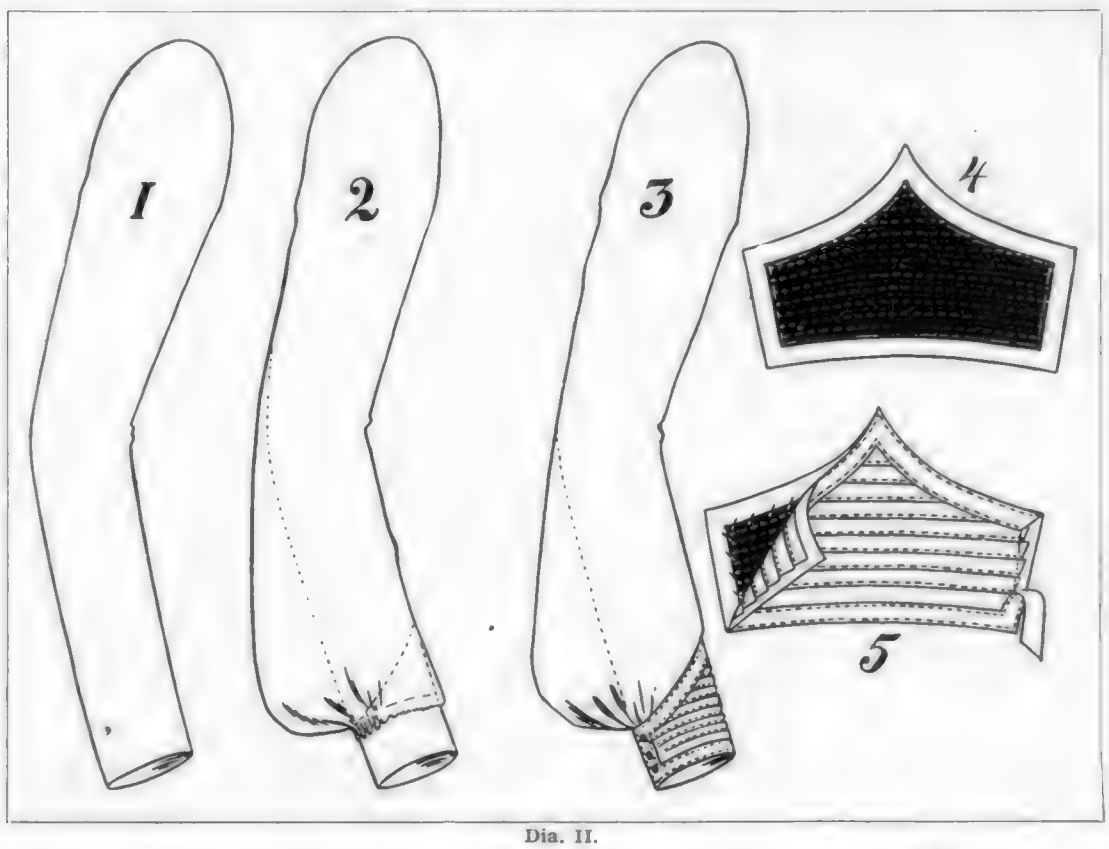
Where the sleeve is made of wash goods the interlining of the cuff will not be required, unless a piece of muslin or cambric be substituted for the crinoline.

To find the part of the arm's eye where the sleeve is to be inserted, take a true bias from the dart, or fold the arm-hole one-half inch back of the shoulder seam and divide it exactly in half. This will designate the place for the inside seam, the other part of the sleeve being arranged according to its style.

Never when inserting a sleeve into an arm-hole, put plaits or gathers into the under arm. If the sleeve is too large compare with the arm-hole, and the extra fulness is divided into gathers across the upper portion of the sleeve.

The lining of a sleeve has to be just as carefully cut and made as the sleeve itself, because if it draws across the top of the arm it will feel decidedly uncomfortable, although it will perhaps not show, because the sleeve is a trifle wider than the lining.

Sleeves must be basted together as carefully as a waist, for if they do not receive the proper attention they will twist on the arm. After the sleeve is basted try it on and see if it fits smoothly. Should the inside seam twist toward the top, then open the back seam of the lining and move up the under-arm until the proper shape is gained. This is a common occurrence, and is often caused by an improperly cut pattern or carelessness in cutting or basting.



Dia. II.

Why Not Make Your Own Plaiting?

THIERFELDT'S
New Plaiting Machine.
Pressed and Steamed in the same operation.
MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF PLAITING RAPIDLY AND NEATLY

Any person can operate it and make plaiting for others. Can make $5.00 to $25.00 a day easily. Send for price lists.

NEW YORK DRESS PLAITING CO.
143, 145, 147 E. 23d St. NEW YORK.

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER

"THE TODD CORSET" made to measure only.

New designs in straight front, low bust, long hip effects. The waist line can be lowered two inches and the abdomen and hips reduced from two to eight inches with perfect safety and comfort. This corset gives the true military figure. The only corset that *can* fit properly is the one that is made from the wearers' individual measurements.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS AND ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS WOVEN TO ORDER.

Send for Catalogue C and directions for self measurements.

AGENTS WANTED.

HENRY H. TODD,
282-284 York St., New Haven, Conn.

PRIZE DESIGN NO. 604.

SEND NO MONEY

$5.00 SILK-E SKIRT for $2.25
Delivered.

To introduce **SILK-E** underskirts, which have all the appearance of silk skirts, but which last twice as long and cost about one-third as much, we are going to offer a limited number of our regular $5.00 **SILK-E** underskirts at the specially low price of **$2.25**, delivered. This skirt is made with 3 rows of full ruffles and 1 row of fancy cord on each ruffle. Pointed and gathered ruching running from top ruffles to the heading of same, and cut with a very wide flare, making a most satisfactory skirt in every particular and filling a long-felt want.

Colors: Black, Heliotrope and Old Rose.
Lengths: 39, 40, 41, 42 inches.

Don't spend $6.00 or more for a silk underskirt, when one made of **SILK-E**, which looks like silk and wears better and cannot be distinguished from real silk, except by the closest scrutiny, can be purchased for as little as **$2.25.** *Never Sold in stores.*

Sent Anywhere C.O.D. $2.25 Express Paid with privilege of examination.

(Send Cash with order and save collection charges)

Satisfaction guaranteed.

H. C. NATHAN Originator and Sole Distributor of SILK-E Skirts

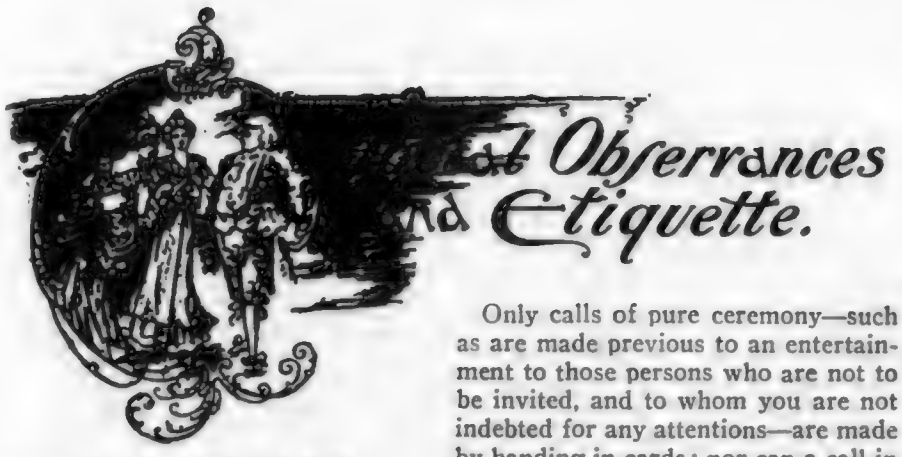
721-723 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Agents Wanted.

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

PRETTY PARTY DRESSES.

(Described on page 38.)



CALLS AND CARDS.

THERE are certain duties which are the same everywhere, certain omissions which are rudeness in all societies and which no politeness is sufficiently perfected to endure. Those duties ought to be taught by parents and teachers as thoroughly as the alphabet is taught, that no unnecessary coolness or estrangements may ever have an opportunity to grow out of them. Take, for instance, calls and cards. Why is it that in the best society its members have decreed that, after receiving any unusual attention, a call shall be made in person, unless it is that the expression of kind feeling shown in the invitation requires some corresponding attention, such as the call evidences, in return? When this mark of appreciation is withheld, the one who extends the courtesy has no means of knowing whether the neglect has arisen from ignorance of customs or total indifference to herself.

Therefore, we find the rule absolute. "Cards should be left at a house the day after, or at least within a week after, any entertainment to which the person leaving cards has been invited, whether she has been able to accept the invitation or not. Should unavoidable circumstances prevent this mark of appreciation of the courtesy extended, a note of explanation should be written."

Take also, as an example, another rule which is equally binding: "When a lady announces herself as being at home on a certain day every week, it is not courteous to leave cards without going in on that day, or to call upon any other day, as it seems to denote no wish to see her."

Surely a lady, finding these rules disregarded after a civility extended, would need a mantle of charity, as wide as St. Paul is supposed to have possessed, not to regard the breach of good manners as an affront to herself, especially if she happened to be the elder of the two.

"Your daughter has quite neglected me this season," said an elderly lady, on one of her weekly reception days, to a lady calling. "Oh, my daughter has not time to make calls," was the answer. As the lady receiving was one whose time was so fully occupied that she had herself but few spare moments for formal social duties, she could not, after such an intimation, consistently add to the burdens of the young girl who had not time to fulfil the duties which were due to her superiors in age.

Only calls of pure ceremony—such as are made previous to an entertainment to those persons who are not to be invited, and to whom you are not indebted for any attentions—are made by handing in cards; nor can a call in person be returned by cards. This is a gross affront, especially if the younger leaves cards upon the elder in return for a call in person.

Exceptions to this rule comprise P. P. C. cards, cards left or sent by persons in mourning, and those which announce a lady's day for receiving on her return to town in the autumn. Care should be taken that the latter cards are not left by the younger upon the elder, where there is much difference in age, until the yearly call in person, which custom requires, has been made, if this call is not made as is usual, in the autumn, upon return to the city, it must be paid during the first week in the new year, and returned within a fortnight.

Ladies who are so remiss as to neglect the observance of these simple rules must, sooner or later, cease visiting each other; and, where their circles are very large, it is, in some cases, desirable that it should be so, for in this way it is possible for the elder person to diminish her list without appearing to be rude. When the yearly call due to an elderly person is not made no invitation during the year can be expected from her, leaving it entirely optional with an entertainer to pass over the remissness, or to make an exception in favor of the one who has been neglected. Thus it is possible to keep down the numbers in one's visiting list without causing any family to feel dropped.

Abroad, the wives of American diplomatists are sometimes complained of for their neglect in the etiquette of cards and calls, acceptances and regrets, and other forms and ceremonies of life at courts, which are held binding by those who are acquainted with them. It is always set down, however, to ignorance, not to indifference, since such a thing as indifference is impossible to those who have been trained to regard their observance as honorable. We ought to have sufficient charity to make the same excuse for remissness, since many of these rules are just as binding here as abroad.

After the cards have been left once in the season, they need not be left again, excepting after an invitation, or upon a guest stopping at the house.

One cannot return the calls of elderly ladies or even of their equals in age, by leaving cards at the door. It is not considered respectful. If the cards of persons much younger are left, after hospitalities extended to them, one is at liberty to make a card serve for a return visit.

To the French is due the custom of making the delivery of a card answer for the appearance of the individual. It is a great convenience for elderly persons and invalids, who have no daughters to make calls for them, as well as for ladies who have a large visiting list and occupations which leave them but little time for formal call.

Grand FREE OFFER

Send No Money.

We send this Beautiful Petticoat to you C. O. D., with privilege of examination. If suited, you pay the Express Agent $1.75 and it is yours. Made in Fine, Black, Mercerized goods, any length, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Or, we will send it cash with order for $1.50, prepaid. We have over 30 styles, pleatings, ruffles, tucks. This No. 82 is the latest in tucks. Agents wanted, free illustrated catalogue, agents' price list sent free. Over 20 beautiful drawings. Write at once. Address,

IMPERIAL SKIRT CO.,
Dept. P. R. Jackson, Mich.

A USEFUL GIFT.

BY MAIL 25c.

STITCH RIPPER.

Rips and picks out machine-stitching and bastings. Draws threads for hemstitching. Saves your fingers. **Not Scissors. Does not cut. With Silver Mounted Handles, 35 and 50 cents.** Money back if you want it. Coin or 2c. stamps.

AGENTS WANTED.

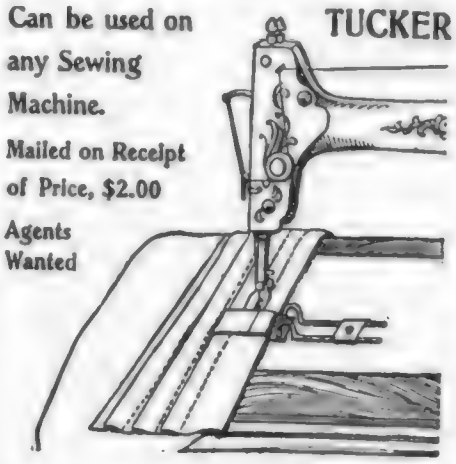
A. E. DeMERRITT, 105 Canal St., Boston, Mass.

THE RAPID AUTOMATIC TUCKER

Can be used on any Sewing Machine.

Mailed on Receipt of Price, $2.00

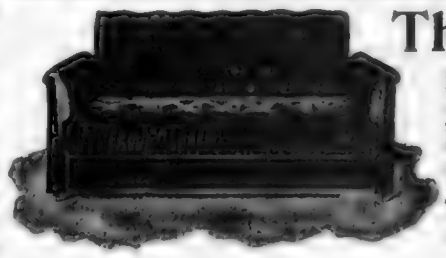
Agents Wanted



Tucks with equal ease, all goods, Wool, Silk Poplins, Chiffon, Crepe-de-chine, and others that you heretofore were obliged to baste.

VAN MANUFACTURING CO.

Branch, Toronto, Ont. SYRACUSE, N. Y.



The Leonard Sofa Bed

A Luxurious Sofa, Couch length, instantly convertible into a large, soft hair-mattress bed, with large drawer for bedding or dresses. 20 lbs. of pure hair and 100 finely tempered steel springs in every one. Ten styles. $28.00 to $65.00, equally serviceable and luxurious. Freight prepaid. Returnable if unsatisfactory. Catalogues free

PATENTED, MANUFACTURED AND SOLD ONLY BY

THE LEONARD SOFA BED CO.
401½ Prospect St., CLEVELAND, OHIO

GOLDEN FLEECE
WOOL WADDINGS
SUPERIOR QUALITY

For INTERLINING, PADDING, QUILTED LININGS, QUILTS and COMFORTABLES . . . . . .

These WOOL WADDINGS represent the highest point of excellence possible in this class of manufacture. Vastly superior to cotton on account of lightness and loftiness.

A Medicated, Sterilized and Hygienic Wool Wadding . . .

No matting. Absolutely pure virgin wool, perfectly clean. Made for dress purposes in small sheets, for quilts and comfortables in two pound batts. Used by the best Ladies' Tailors and Dressmakers.
For sale by the leading jobbers and retailers.
We will willingly send a sample.

WILLIAM TAYLOR STEARNS
377 and 379 Broadway, New York

Oily, Sallow Skin

"After using your **Complexion Brush** for six weeks, I have surprised myself and friends with a healthy complexion."

Wrinkles

A lady sixty years old has succeeded in removing the wrinkles from her neck, and many other ladies have caused them to disappear from their faces by using our **Complexion Brush** regularly.

"I have used your **Complexion Soap** with the Rubber **Complexion Brush**, and find my **Complexion** much **improved.** I shall recommend them both."

The above is what Ladies tell us
BAILEY'S RUBBER

Complexion Brush

And SOAP has done for them, and it will do as much for you.

Bailey's Complexion Soap, - - 10c.
Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush, 50c.

For sale by all dealers in toilet goods, or mailed upon receipt of price. Catalogue mailed free of everything in Rubber Goods. (Agents wanted.)

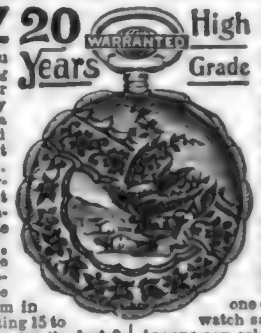
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St, Boston, Mass.

Send No Money

Send name and address and we will send you this magnificently engraved double hunting case, "**American Standard**" watch for free inspection. Case is made of the newly discovered gold alloy with extra heavy plate of 14 karat Solid Gold, and even experts cannot tell it from a 50 dollar watch. High-grade movement, fully jeweled, duplex escapement, patent pinion, quick train, stem-wind and set, with absolute **20 YEARS GUARANTEE.** The American Standard is the handsomest and best time keeping watch ever offered for the price. Watch dealers buy them in preference to other makes, costing 15 to 20 dollars. We have received during the last 3 months over 10,000 duplicate orders and thousands of testimonials from all over the world. Our regular factory price is $60 00 per dozen, but in order to extend our trade, we will for the next 45 days only, send a sample watch for free *This firm is thoroughly reliable.—Editor.*

WARNING! Beware of much-looking, worthless imitation watches, so frequently advertised by unprincipled concerns. We are a perfectly reliable firm and absolutely stand back of our guarantee, and take back any watch after six months if not perfectly satisfactory in every way.

20 Years High Grade



Our 45 Day Offer

Inspection to any person who will recommend and show it to their friends. We want to advertise our watches and convince you of their superior quality, before you pay one cent. Send us your name, post office and express office, state if you want ladies or gents size, and we will send you at once our watch for free inspection. After you have convinced yourself to your own satisfaction, that the watch is equal to any that would cost 15 dollars in your own town and the greatest bargain you ever saw, then pay our **SPECIAL FACTORY PRICE of $4.85** and express charges, otherwise not one cent. Many write us they sold the watch same day with ten dollars profit. Anyone can sell several of these watches every week without devoting any extra time or effort, and make a profit of 5 to 10 dollars on every watch. Order at once at our special factory price as this offer is limited. Catalogue free. Address,

EAGLE WATCH MFG. CO., 205 Lees Bldg., CHICAGO.

EDITOR BADGER writes: Your watch is a beauty, looks like my $50 watch. Keeps perfect time. Don't see how you can sell it at such a price.

ORGANDY AND LAWN FROCKS.

(Described on page 38.)

THE APPLE OF PARIS

COOKERY AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.

(Health and Complexion Continued)

YOU did not know that there was anything special in cooking? You thought that it was merely good luck that made your cake heavy or light. Not so! In following your recipes you were obeying natural laws of electricity by which the trolley cars are run. It is indeed true that cooking is full of the most wonderful changes and combinations, based on the law of chemistry. These chemical laws have interested many wise men in both hemispheres, and some of them have devoted their lives to this science—the philosophy and chemistry of cookery. You must not imagine because the ignorant can cook that they understand the chemical laws they are dealing with, any more than the motor man on the trolley understands electrical laws.

So, boys and girls, try to study cookery so to find out all the chemical secrets that hide in every bit of it; what it is that makes preparing the daily meals a genuine study. There is every reason why the scientific side of food preparing should appeal to a thinking, manly boy. He ought to know that the food he eats makes his bones strong, his muscles firm, his blood pure, his complexion ruddy, gives him endurance to stand fatigue, and keeps his intellect clear. The girls, too, come in under the same conditions. From the right preparation of their food all their mental and physical powers depend; also beauty and clearness of complexion. Unless the digestion is good every part of the machinery of Life must vibrate with langour. Can we, then, be too attentive to its adjustment? I cannot impress it enough on my kind readers to see to it that all the vegetables are stewed—not boiled, so to retain all the vegetable's salts. Let me give you an example: The uncooked cabbage leaf made into a salad is easy of digestion, and an excellent, very palatable article of food; but the well-cooked cabbage is an abomination and cannot be digested. And what is true of cabbage is equally true of carrots, turnips, cauliflower, peas, beans and many other vegetables in common use. Fruits were given us before drugs, and they all have some medicinal virtue. Prunes, pears, figs, grapes, peaches are all aperients, and so it is advisable to use them frequently. A good ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with; the whole process of digestion being completed in eighty-five minutes, because it contains a larger percentage of phosphor than any other fruit or vegetable. The Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food for the gods! The cooked apple is of signal service for people of sedentary habits. There is a modern maxim which teaches us "To eat an apple going to bed, the doctor then will beg his bread." The pulp of a roasted apple applied as a poultice on inflamed eyes gives great relief. There is no doubt that our physical life is dependent upon proper food, air, water, sunshine, exercise and a cheerful temperament, and if any of these is denied the digestion, the health, and complexion suffers. No place in the world is their such an abundance and variety of nourishing food as we have here to-day; so, mothers, sisters, and yes, brothers, see that it is well prepared, and study dietetics to get the proper kind of food. Avoid sweets, I mean candies, etc., as it makes too much acidity and spoils the appetite for good wholesome food. These acids in the blood produce all kind of skin troubles—often a red nose and a pimply, muggy complexion. Acid secretions ruin the enamel of the teeth, and once the teeth begin to go, the face loses its charm.

As it is an impossibility to reach everyone, or to have everybody understand all I have said I must now give advice to those that are afflicted with a bad complexion, or eruption of any kind. Always use a good well-endorsed soap and a camel's hair brush and wash your face with lukewarm water. The face being exposed to the dust, takes into the pores all kinds of germs, so needs a brush to clean them out thoroughly. Use, then, a well-recommended cream, and massage gently, after which rub into the skin a flesh-colored powder. Never use white powder, and never enamel. In cases of eczema there is nothing better than unguentum boro-sulphine. This unguent is perfectly pure, contains no deleterious ingredients and its action speaks louder in its praise than any number of words can possibly do. It allays itching and inflammation on first application. Every woman who wants to preserve her beauty, and keep young and trim must lead a regular life and follow the laws of hygiene to its fullest extent. Thus only can she defy old age.

—LIA RAND.

HOW TO STAND CORRECTLY.

How to stand is quite as much of an art as sitting down.

Few women can manage feet, hands and shoulders gracefully if they remain standing any length of time. There is a tendency to rest first on one foot and then on the other, to sway backward and forward, or to move the hands nervously.

In the first place the body must be perfectly balanced, the weight being equally divided on the feet. The right foot should be a little in advance of the left, but firmly planted and any temptation to sway backward and forward should be strongly resisted.

The poise of the body should be easy and flexible, bending a trifle at the waist. To stand erect, the hands hanging loosely by the side, the shoulders straight but without a suggestion of stiffness, is one of the prettiest and most difficult of all poses. It should suggest the grace and pliability of the lily—ready to sway with a passing wind and then swing back to queenly stateliness.

When seated there should always be in the attitude a suggestion of action, not of intense weariness. To loll except in the seclusion of one's boudoir is bad form. A woman should sit easily, the shoulders relaxed, but as if ready to rise or bend forward at any moment. The suppleness of the waist is nowhere so apparent as in the sitting posture.

That is the only correct way to sit down. There are, of course, innumerable wrong ways of performing this simple act. Probably the most common way is to sprawl down as if overcome with excessive weariness—which some women seem to think is merely indicative of aristocratic languor.

It is an even worse position than that of the stiff woman, who gingerly encroaches upon a chair as if reluctant to trust it with her weight and determined that if she must sit down she will at least be uncomfortable. So she holds her shoulders straight back, throws up her chin as if she were afflicted with a stiff neck, touches her toes to the floor, leaving her heels to wiggle uncomfortably, and imagines that she is sitting properly.

She is not. She is violating every canon of grace, and also looking extremely awkward. Every graceful position suggests ease, not effort. That is the keynote of charming poses. Of course, no woman in polite society would be guilty of the vulgarity of crossing her legs. That is unpardonable. But to show the tip of the toe, or even to let one foot peep out from beneath the hem of the gown, is very graceful, especially if the foot is a pretty one. A dexterous and almost inperceptible movement will place the skirts in graceful folds.

E. G.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER,

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 54 years—no other has—and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. **GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Wanamaker's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers.

☞ Beware of Base Imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

To All Sufferers of

Rheumatism!

A Quick, Positive and Proven Cure Guaranteed or Money Refunded. No medicine to take. **Magic Foot Drafts** applied to the bottom of the feet draw the Poison out of the Entire System and Stop the Pain Immediately. Their Equal Has Never Been Produced. Write to-day for full particulars and how to obtain a trial pair free. Why hesitate? It costs you nothing. Address,

MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO.,

Dept. P. R., JACKSON, MICH.

WANT TO MAKE $5.00 A DAY? We have representatives making twice that sum. *No capital required.* A reputation for honesty and push is all we ask. We are placing General Agents in every State. If you are ambitious to go in business for yourself and will send us good reference **we will start you in business.** We are one of the largest manufacturers of high grade French Perfumes and Toilet Articles. Beautiful packages, elegant goods. Quick sellers. Money makers. Full sample lines without deposit. Bank reference. Write to-day, territory may be gone to-morrow.

F. De La Claire & Co., Perfumers, Goshen, Ind.

LIA RAND'S

Perfecto Cream

This delicate White, Hygienic, Non-Acid Bleach is a tissue builder, Skin Food and Great Beautifier. Shrinks enlarged pores. Removes Liver Spots, Wrinkles, Tan and all blemishes.

Price, 50c. per jar; tube, 25c.; rules for Facial Massage included.

To the readers of Pictorial Review Lia Rand makes this special offer:

To mail on receipt of $1.00 the following of her well known toilet specialties (worth double) as follows:

A tube of Lia Rand's Perfecto Cream, with rules for facial massage; a box of Lia Rand's A B Powder; a Camel's-hair Face Brush to be used with water, and a cake of Lia Rand's Savon Hygienique.

Mme. LIA RAND,

199 Washington Street, Brooklyn.

PAST AND FUTURE REVEALED. Readings I give **Come True** as THOUSANDS TESTIFY. Send date of birth and 10c for trial reading. **L. THOMSON, Kansas City, Mo.**

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by **Millions of Mothers** for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

ARTHUR'S SLED.

By ANNETTE LAWRENCE.

IT was my firm intention to sleep an hour longer than usual because it was one of those days on which we do not seem able to rouse ourselves. I heard the maid awaken my son in the adjoining room because he had to go to school. "Oh, Mary will be able to give him his breakfast just this once," I thought, and turned over on the other side. I was already half asleep, dreaming that the price of meat, roast beef in particular, had been considerably lowered, when suddenly the door was thrown open and Arthur rushed in.

"Mamma! mamma!" he cried, breathlessly, "it's snowing! it's snowing! Alice," and he shook his little sister who was sleeping quietly in her bed, "it's snowing!"

"Hurry up and eat your breakfast," I said angrily, "and leave Alice alone!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" he cried gayly. "Alice, it's snowing, it's snowing—now, mamma must give us the sled she promised us! Hurrah for the first snowball," and like a flash he was out of the door.

Alice, who was five years old, in the meantime sat up very straight in her little white-curtained crib, and was staring at the window, eagerness all over her face. But the curtains were so closely drawn that she could see nothing of the weather. With a quick resolve she struggled out of bed, pattered over to the window, and, parting the curtains peered out.

"Mamma, mamma, dear, it's snowing. There's a great big white flake—another big white one—another, one—one, two, free—four—oh, mamma-a-a—five—six—seven—oh, what a lot—mamma, I tan't tount them all," she cried ecstatically.

That, of course, settled the rest of my little extra snooze, and with a sigh I got up and dressed myself.

"Now, mamma," said my little daughter, sagely, "it is snowing and you must buy the sleigh you promised us!"

I pretended not to remember any such promise and was secretly amused at the little downcast face. The truth is, I had no desire to buy a sled because I knew the snow would remain on the ground only a short time and then the sled would be knocked all over the house. But it seemed as if Fate was against me, for the first thing my boy said when he came home to lunch was: "Mamma, will you buy us the sleigh?" "Yes, mamma, will you buy us the sleigh?" echoed Alice. "You must buy a sleigh for the children, ma'am," said our faithful Mary, "and I can take them out."

"But there is no snow worth mentioning," I protested.

"Yes, there is," said Arthur. "Freddie White threw a snowball at me and there was a stone in it."

"Is that so? Where did he hit you? Let me see," I said, somewhat worried.

"No, mamma," answered Arthur, trying with all the dignity of his eight years to keep back the tears, "if you won't buy us the sleigh, I won't let you see where Freddie hit me."

The children's will is God's will. So I promised that when Arthur came home from school I would go out with them to purchase their much-desired sled; what else was there left for me to do? Accordingly in the afternoon I took both downtown.

"I want a sporty sleigh," said Arthur.

"I want a dreen one," said Alice.

"Please show me some sleighs suitable for these two little ones," I requested the salesman, and then selected the one I thought large enough to hold both when Mary would take them out. The next morning the sleigh arrived, but the little bit of snow that had fallen the previous day was entirely gone. The children were rather disappointed because it was neither a sporty nor a green sleigh, but nevertheless, being Saturday, wanted to go out with it at once.

"Don't you see that the street is wet and muddy," I remonstrated. "As long as there is not a good solid fall of snow the sleigh will remain in the house."

In the afternoon when I returned from some errands I heard a dreadful racket on the upper floor, seemingly coming from the bedroom.

"What in the world is the matter now, Mary?" I asked in astonishment. "What an awful noise the children are making."

"Freddie White is there and is playing with them," said Mary.

"Yes, but that fearful noise? Just hear them! And what is the dog barking about so furiously?"

Mary, of course, could not tell me, she had left the children alone as she was busy with her baking, and I think that not even an earthquake would have taken her away or disturbed her equanamity.

I hardly took enough time to jerk off my jacket, and throwing it on a chair, ran upstairs where the noise was increasing with every moment, the children were screaming at the top of their voices, the dog was barking fiercely and my excited fancy pictured all kinds of dreadful accidents. Hastily opening the door to my bedroom I stood transfixed on the threshold. In the middle of the room was the sleigh with Alice sitting on it, my boy was pushing, Freddie was pulling it by a rope, and the poor dog they had tied to the front! Arthur's hands were encased in my husband's fur gloves, Freddie had on his sealskin cap and Alice had my muff. Prince, the dog, as soon as he saw me, began to bark still louder and almost overturned the sled in his frantic efforts to get away.

"Good afternoon," said Freddie, politely, before I had time to recover from my surprise.

"Hurrah, hurrah! I see the North Pole!" screamed Arthur, who had not yet seen me.

'Oh, say, there's mamma," whispered Alice, and gave him a sisterly poke.

"But, children, what in the world are you doing?" I asked.

Nobody seemed willing to answer, and, finally, I coaxed Freddie into telling me.

"We are playing Nansen," he declared with importance. "See, over there, that is the North Pole," and he pointed to my husband's bed, "and this is the sleigh to which we have harnessed the dog. We have provisions, too, which Alice has packed away in the wardrobe," with that he walked over to the wardrobe in which I kept my very best clothes and got out a salt cellar and the mustard bottle.

"Well, you know, I don't like your way of playing Nansen, and I think you had better stop it at once," I said with decision.

The children went out rather crestfallen, and Prince jumped around me delighted with his liberty.

"A room is not the place to play with a sleigh, you should do that outside," I said as a final reprimand.

They seemed to have understood the "outside" rather literally. A few afternoons later I suddenly became aware of a rather unusual stillness and quietness that pervaded the house. "Where are the children?" I asked Mary.

"Freddie came for them," she said, "and they went out with the sleigh, I think, to Freddie's house."

"With the sleigh?" I asked in surprise. "Why it is raining!"

I felt rather uncomfortable at this disclosure, because I knew some prank was at the bottom of the whole thing and, quickly resolved, I put on my hat and fur cape. They were not on the street, where a nasty drizzling rain was falling, as I went around the corner to Mrs. White, who, with her family occupied apartments in a fashionable flat house.

I had no sooner entered the hall and ascended the first flight of stairs when I heard a peculiar bumping sound, and behold! there was my dear son sliding down the carpeted stairs on his sled and incidentally raising a cloud of dust.

"Freddie, now it's your turn!" cried my enterprising Arthur. "It slides down fine, only it's a little bumpy."

With that he dragged the sled up the stairs, and before I could interfere Freddie sat on it and went sliding down. The next to appear was the janitor, furious with anger and scolding for all he was worth. Well, I could hardly blame him. Freddie only laughed and declared that they would go up another flight, or to the top floor, which happened to be empty. With all the dignity of injured childhood the three took hold of the sled and began pulling it up, when I, who had overtaken them half-way, called Alice. They were all so startled that involuntarily they loosened their hold on the sled which came down toward me with an uncanny swiftness, and if I had not quickly stepped aside there is no doubt that I would have gone down the stairs too—but backward.

When I finally regained my balance Arthur was standing beside me and said brightly: "Why, mamma, you could have sat down on the sled, it rides down fine, only it's a little bumpy," and Freddie added: "If you want to ride down I'll get the big horn from papa's room and blow it, like a four-in-hand."

Involuntarily I had to smile at the picture of myself sliding down the stairs on a tiny sled, accompanied by the tooting of Freddie's horn, but, of course, I did not let the children see it or my authority would have dwindled down to nothing; as it was I took Arthur and Alice home at once and sent Freddie in to his mother with the message that I would call to see her next day. I gave Mary the strictest orders that the sled was not to be taken out of the house without my permission, much less was it to be used indoors.

A few weeks later we had quite a snowstorm, and it grew very cold so that the sleighing was fine. The children begged for their sled and of course I could not any longer withhold it, consequently I gave them permission to use it on the street. At once a protest arose, no, they didn't want to go on the street, they wanted to coast down a hill that was not far from our house. Finally, matters were compromised by Mary going with them and promising to see that they were not injured in any way. I cautioned her particularly to be careful, because the sled had already caused trouble enough and I was rather fearful of possible consequences. An hour was the limit of time they were to be absent.

One hour passed, then another, and it began to grow quite dark.

I had gone outside about ten times and opened the window about twenty times, when at last I saw Mary coming around the corner, the children behind her. Thank Heaven, then there had been no accident! I ran downstairs and opened the front door myself and they all marched in in Indian file.

"Where is the sled?" I inquired in surprise.

"Gone," said Arthur, laconically, and handed me one of the runners.

"Gone," said Alice, sadly, and gave me a few splinters of wood.

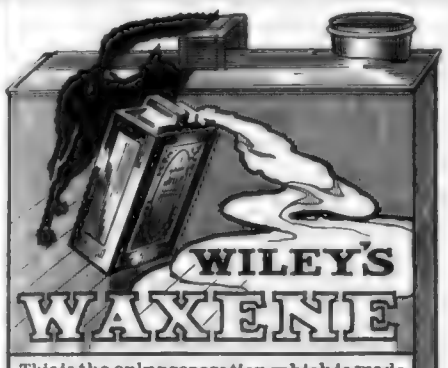
"It is really gone, Mrs. Dixon," said Mary with some hesitation. "At first the coasting was fine, but then we managed to knock down an old gentleman, and after a few more attempts the sled ran into a great big tree and the children were thrown off, one toward the right the other toward the left, but as they both landed in snowbanks they were not hurt. When we had caught our breath we picked up the remnants of the sled and came home."

That was the last of the sled which had been only a source of trouble since it had been in the house, and I firmly declared to the children that this winter at least there would be no more sledding.

3 PAIRS FOR $1.00

Our Fine Imported Fast Black Stockings, 3 pairs for $1.00, are the best in America for the price. Three pairs in a box. Send $1.00 for a box.

Leahy, Purcell & Co.
TOLEDO, OHIO.



This is the only preparation which is made expressly for

Kitchen Floors.

It preserves the wood, gives it a bright, natural finish. It prevents dust and dirt, does away with bugs and keeps the room clean, sweet and healthful. WAXENE is not a wax, wash or varnish, but an entirely new preparation—the only thing in the world that will prevent a floor from spotting, coloring or soiling with hot grease or water. *Every kitchen should have it.* Sold by paint and hardware stores everywhere. Sample can by mail. 10c. *Send for free descriptive booklet.*

I. H. WILEY & CO., Mfrs.,
80 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Embroideries

We Design and Manufacture Embroideries and Dress Trimmings. We have unequalled facilities and expert workmanship. Special designs originated or your own designs carried out promptly and at reasonable prices.

N. A. HOSHAFIAN,
55-57 W. 26TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Dip Front Waist Holder and Skirt Supporter

The Dip Front effect is obtained without special preparation, on any skirt or waist. Combines perfect skirt supporter at back with attachment giving Dip effect at front, as shown in above figure. Belt adjustable to any waist size, reversible giving long or short Dip and can be worn with or without corset. Mailed prepaid for 25c (stamps will do). Agents Wanted.
DIP FRONT WAIST HOLDER CO., 80 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

The New Defiance Button Machine

Will enable you to make your own buttons quickly, cheaply and satisfactorily.

Makes all kinds of covered and rim buttons; each stroke means a button.

Simple, powerful, durable.

Price, complete, with dies, block and cutters to make 18, 24 and 30-line covered and 24, 30 and 36-line ivory rim buttons, $7.50.

We furnish vegetable ivory rims, in black, blue, brown, drab and white.

DEFIANCE BUTTON MACHINE CO.
264-266 Greene St New York

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

The House Wife

TO Wash Woolen Blankets.—Dissolve enough soap in boiling water to make a good suds and add two tablespoonfuls of ammonia and enough cold water to have it a little more than tepid. Then put in your blankets. If convenient use a pounder, or any way to work thoroughly through the suds without rubbing on a board. Rinse well in tepid water. There is usually soap enough from the first suds to make the second soft; if not add a little soap and ammonia. After being put through the wringer let two persons, standing opposite, pull the blankets into shape. Dry in the sun.

* * *

For Colors that Fade.—Vinegar in the rinsing water will brighten pink or green. One ounce of sugar of lead in a pail of water will settle the colors in gingham, calicoes and other cotton goods.

* * *

A Cement for Stoves.—If the stove is cracked a good cement is made for it as follows: wood ashes and salt in equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water, and filled in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

* * *

Stains and Spots.—Children's clothes, table linens, towels, etc., should be thoroughly examined before putting them into the tub as soapsuds, washing-fluids, etc., will fix almost any stain past removal. Many stains can be taken out by simply washing in clear water in which a little borax has been dissolved. And alcohol will remove certain kinds of stains. Ironmold, mildew or almost any similar spot can be taken out by dipping in citric acid, covering with salt and placing in the sun until the stain disappears. If of long standing the process may have to be repeated.

Be careful to rinse in several waters as soon as the stain is no longer visible.

Another way to remove stains is to wet them thoroughly with clear, cold water, removing as much of the spots as possible. Then mix one teaspoonful of oxalic acid in half a pint of warm water and dip the stain in this several times. The water can be kept warm by placing the vessel on the back of the range. Then wash at once in clean water.

Lemon juice and salt will take ink stains out of the most delicate fabric without injuring it.

* * *

To Remove Grease Spots.—An excellent mixture to remove grease spots from woolens, and clothing particularly, is made of four parts alcohol to one part of ammonia and about half as much ether as ammonia. Apply the liquid to the grease spot and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the grease and the ammonia forms a soap with it, which is washed out with the water. The result is much more satisfactory than when something is used which only seems to spread the spot and make it fainter, but does not actually remove it.

* * *

To Prevent Iron from Rusting.—A thin coating of three parts lard melted with one part rosin applied to stoves, grates and flat irons will prevent their rusting.

* * *

Polish for Bright Stoves and Steel Articles.—One tablespoonful of turpentine, one tablespoonful of sweet oil, emery powder. Mix the turpentine and sweet oil, stirring in sufficient emery powder to make the mixture of the thickness of cream. Put it on the article with a piece of soft flannel, rub off quickly with another piece and then polish with a little emery powder and clean leather.

* * *

To Brighten Gilt Frames.—Take sufficient flour of sulphur to tinge about one and one-half pints of water and in this boil four or five onions, sliced very fine. Strain off the liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush, any gilding which requires cleaning. When dry it will be as bright as when new.

* * *

To Preserve Steel Pens.—Steel pens are destroyed by corrosion from acid in the ink. Put in the ink some nails or old steel pens, and the acid will exhaust itself on them, consequently the pens in use will not corrode.

* * *

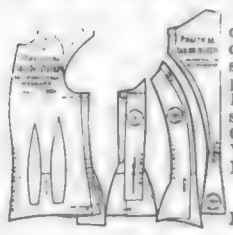
A soft cloth, dipped in alcohol, is excellent to wipe off French plate-glass and mirrors.

* * *

In laying aside knives or other steel implements, they should be slightly oiled and wrapped in tissue paper to prevent their rusting.

THE NEWEST. THE SIMPLEST.

Practical Dress and Tailor Cutting System



Nothing complicated. An ounce of intelligence, an hour of time teaches you. The result of the life experience of a practical cutter and fitter. Full instructions with each system. **Price Only $5.00.** Quantities cheaper. AGENTS WANTED. MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

GEORGE TRUMBLE,
Box 302, Detroit, Mich.

REVOLVING TEMPLE-CLASP EYEGLASSES

NEWEST, EASIEST and BEST in the world. Electricity applied when desired, giving delightful nerve tonic current. Fit, by mail, guaranteed. Test cards and information free.
Revolving Spectacles Co., 337 Cox Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

ARTHUR'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

A Positive and Guaranteed Cure for Dyspepsia and all forms of Stomach troubles. A purely vegetable tablet, compounded by a regular physician, on new and scientific principles. They are strength and muscle builders. Sufferers made well in a few weeks. Testimonials of remarkable cures sent free. Physicians prescribe them. Sample package on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

The Arthur Dyspepsia Tablet Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Thread Clipping Thimble

SIMPLICITY ITSELF
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

Don't spoil your teeth biting thread or get sick swallowing bits of thread.

The thread is drawn under scissors point and severed. So simple any child can use it. Good for hand or machine. Points thread to enter needle easily, saving eyes and teeth.

Every thimble nickel-plated and guaranteed not to tarnish. Costs only **10 Cents.** Agents wanted. Ask at your dry goods store or send direct to

L. MULLER, 731 7th Ave., New York.

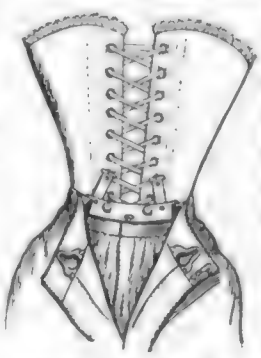
POULTRY PAPER, illust'd, 20 pages, 25 cents per year. 4 months' trial 10 cents. *Sample Free.* 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cents. **Catalogue** of poultry books free. *Poultry Advocate,* Syracuse, N.Y.

Lady Agents

can find profitable employment by representing one of the finest lines of Straight Front and Regular Corsets. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Corset Waists, Sanitary Belts, Shoulder Braces, Hose Supporters, etc. Fast Black and Colored Mercerized Sateen, Silk, Linen, Chambray and Flannel, Adjustable and Fashioned Petticoats in fashionable designs. Dress Skirts in seasonable effects, Dressing Sacques, etc. Co-operate with us and you can make money sure. Territory given. Price List and Retail Guide free.

RELIANCE CORSET CO.,
Mention PICTORIAL REVIEW. Jackson, Mich.

"M. & J."
CELLULOID SKIRT SUPPORTER and SHIRT WAIST HOLDER



No Pins, Hooks or Claws to injure the clothing. A dainty device of featherweight celluloid, that secures the bustle, holds down corset cover and shirt waist, and holds up petticoat and dress skirt, gives stylish extended front, and transfers the weight of the skirts from the **Woman to the Corset.**

Mail Orders Postpaid to any address.

PRICE, 35 CENTS
AGENTS WANTED
L. MULLER
731 7th Avenue, New York

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

The Coiffure and Its Adornments.

WE are more slavish in following the styles in hairdressing than in gowns, for the face is more directly affected. But individuality is getting to be a fad in this country and it is likely that we will originate our own fashions instead of following advices from abroad. When the pompadour first came in everybody declared it would find no favor; women seemed determined not to wear it, yet to the surprise of hairdressers who had heard women declare that they never would wear it, it became a perfect rage, so much so that at first it was carried all around the head and the hair at the back of the neck was puffed out over a roll as well as that around the face. Not only women of fashion wore it as full dress, but the waitresses and the saleswomen, the chambermaid and the cook all flaunted the same style.

Gradually the pompadour became a fixed fashion. The faces of all the society women and the stage favorites appeared surrounded by the inevitable aureole of hair that recently has been varied by a drop to one side of the brow. After the back pompadour had become hideously pronounced, it became the fashion to carry the hair up straight to the top of the head. The tightly-brushed hair which exposed the nape of the neck was not pretty, but it had the merit of neatness. The knot on the top of the American woman's head was oddly small in comparison with the luxuriant puff about the face, for so much of the natural hair was required for this effect as well as the false roll beneath that it left little for the rest of the coiffure.

Worn with the powder and patches and state of the epoch in which it was first popular, it had its own quaint charm. It is essentially a court style and goes with gold lace and long trains. But when the American woman began to adopt it with her shirt-waist and sailor hat it became rather inartistic, to say the least.

Now we are dressing the hair low again. It is waved and sometimes parted, or else loosely drawn back from the face to a coil that may be worn as low as desired. With evening bodices it is worn extremely low, and one little curl rests upon the neck. The shell combs that have been worn are gradually disappearing, and for evening wear flowers are very much worn, also aigrettes and bows.

As a rule questions in regard to hairdressing are difficult to answer, for no matter what style is elected as most fashionable, it must be modified to such an extent for certain faces that the original coiffure sometimes is well nigh unrecognizable.

We are all looking forward to the time when every woman will be wearing her hair coiled low on the nape of the neck in a delightfully artistic manner. And yet there are a great many who do not hail the new coiffure with joy. This mode of hairdressing demands abundant tresses, and how many can boast of that? The hair must also be long and of even length, and that again we do not all possess. But being the style, it will be followed, and we can look forward to the day when false hair in switches and puffs will be selling merrily.

The coiffure of the fashionable woman is a changeable fancy these days, varied according to the requirements of the occasion and the style of costume with which it is worn.

The knot low at the nape of the neck is especially for full evening dress, and two or three curls are sometimes added, as shown in the illustration. And again you see the knot a little higher on the head and the front hair covering the ears in the genuine Cleo de Merode style.

The arrangement of the front hair is to a great degree a matter of becoming effect. It is parted in the center, at one side or not at all, just as you fancy, and it is simply waved, not curled; or, what is better still, there is no wave at all.

The center parting is very modish in Paris, with the low knot, and either one or two roses arranged just back of the left ear.

Fancy combs are still worn, but not so generally with the hair dressed low, or so many of them.

A decided all around pompadour roll is quite out of style, and a more careless irregular line around the face is affected, sometimes drooping a little at one side or in the center, or turning up a little in the center and curving down a trifle at both sides.

Hair ornaments for evening wear are shown in a great variety of lace and ribbon bows, tulle and spangled aigrettes, but if the low style of coiffure prevails the elaborate hair ornaments will not be so generally worn.

A small fancy comb, with jeweled points rising a little above the hair, is pretty on the top of the head, well toward the front.

* * *

HOW TO GROW OLD GRACEFULLY.

Vigorous old age is attributed in part to advantageous circumstances, in part to a happy, hopeful temperament, a keen sense of humor, sympathies for all fellow beings and a deep interest in all the vital questions of the hour.

One must have an earnest purpose in life beyond personal ambition and family aggrandizement.

Self-centered characters do not possess the necessary elements of a high development. If one would have a happy old age the first condition is a sound body; to that end exercise, diet, dress, sanitary conditions are all important.

Nature does her best at all periods of woman's life to make each change one of added health and happiness. Those obedient to her laws rejoice in every step from youth to age.

Fifty is the heyday of intellectual life. Then the vital forces used in reproduction are garnered in the brain, giving new ideas and adding force, clearness and beauty to thought.

There comes to a woman eloquence of expression and she finds a wider field for her sympathies. She has new interests in the great world which is the future home of her children, in which she is now to labor to make it fit for them to live in.

The best philosophy is to live in the present. Regrets for the past are vain; the page is turned; there is no remedy for what is done. As to the future, anxieties are equally vain; we do not know what one day will bring forth; what we hope or fear may never occur; the present is all that is ours.

SOME PET ECONOMIES.

IT is very curious how many people there are, even among those who may be termed extravagant folk, who have a pet economy which they practice in the most careful and particular manner, and about which they are very apt to pride themselves greatly. If we look around among our friends and acquaintances, to say nothing of ourselves, watch their habits and listen to their conversation, we shall notice that each one of them will, sooner or later, reveal his or her particular weakness in this direction. Some of these pet economies take a strange form, and, in the eyes of the onlooker, appear the reverse of economical. For instance, who does not know the woman who will spend her whole afternoon in going to the other end of the town to buy a piece of braid, a few yards of ribbon, or perhaps some groceries at one particular shop, not because it is to be had better there, but because it is one or two cents cheaper. She forgets that for the saving of a cent or two, she has probably spent directly or indirectly, a great deal more.

It is not the slightest good pointing this out to her. Nothing one can say will convince her. Besides, she does not want to be convinced, for it would take from her a source of real enjoyment and legitimate pride. Then, there is the woman who will spoil her clothes and run the risk of getting a cold just for the sake of some particular bargain sale where she can buy an article perhaps half a dollar cheaper than ordinarily, especially the kind of sales that last only a few hours. And as every member of the fair sex knows, nothing is so bad for one's clothes as the rain, it wrinkles material, puts one's feathers out of curl and wrinkles one's temper.

A favorite economy with some people seems to be in the matter of paper and envelopes. They write their missives on bits and scraps torn from old letters, or even from circulars; others, again, economize in space, cross their letters, and fill in the vacant corners in a way that is really quite clever, though distinctly difficult to decipher. I even have seen envelopes turned inside out and addressed wrong side forward. The idea is certainly an ingenious one, and to do it successfully—that is, without tearing the paper—must have been a work that required both time and careful treatment, but, no doubt, in such as these toil became a pleasure and time was no object.

Another peculiar economy of paper that has been written upon on one side is to paste the two written sides of the paper together, face to face, as it were, and then write upon the unused sides. To do this properly, one would fancy, would take more time than the paper is worth, not to mention the trouble. But just as it is said that "pride feels no pain," economists of this sort never seem to feel toil a trouble nor think their time wasted when it is spent on carrying out their own special ideas and views of economy.

Everyone can see and find amusement in the peculiar views of economy held and practised by "others," yet how few, in any of us, see anything the least funny in the same sort of views when they are our own private possessions.

For, no doubt, most of us have, although we may not be always inclined to admit the fact, some small pet economy that to others may appear exceedingly peculiar and amusing. while to ourselves it is the simplest, most natural, and even praiseworthy practice in the world.

* * *

BRACELETS AND ARMLETS.

Though the announcement has been made that earrings are to be worn, one sees few earrings in the ears of New York women. But there is no shadow of doubt that the bracelet has come into its own again.

The elbow sleeve has done it, and provided that femininity doesn't overdo the fashion, the community owes to the elbow sleeve thanks for a good thing. A handsome bracelet on a pretty arm is a joy to the beholder. On an ugly arm the bracelet may draw the fire of criticism.

The chain bracelet set with cabochon stones is first favorite, and though in rubies, emeralds and such precious gems, it soars beyond reach of the ordinary mortal, there are bracelets with the semi-precious stones which are exceeding chic.

One bracelet of irregularly-shaped fresh water pearls, white, pink and gray in coloring, caught together by slender gold links, surpassed even its emerald and ruby rivals in sheer charm, and a chain bracelet set in opals shading from the milky white stone with a heart of fire to the deep amber opal with flashing crimson and green lights was a wonder of color and beauty.

The slender gold wire holding one large cabochon gem is another bracelet much in vogue, and a handsome topaz, cat's-eye, moonstone or other comparatively inexpensive stone is often particularly effective in such a bracelet.

An Egyptian scarab set in a fine gold wire on a pivot so that it may be turned over, is popular, and even an ordinary Egyptian lucky stone, set in the same way, is dear to a girl's heart.

An original bracelet made for a woman whose husband is interested in gold mines, is formed of small rugged nuggets of gold, linked together and fitting the arm closely.

Of Oriental design are finely wrought gold bracelets, from which swing pendent jewels, and Oriental, too, are the flexible serpents with jeweled eyes and marvelously wrought golden scales.

These snake bracelets will be particularly favored as armlets if, as is prophesied, the fashion of wearing a heavy armlet above the elbow is to be the next step in the bracelet renaissance.

Already several fashionable New York women have appeared with handsome armlets accentuating the rounded whiteness of their upper arms, and one young matron, noted for the beauty of her arms, wears constantly half way between the elbow and the shoulder of her left arm, a very heavy and perfectly plain circlet of dull yellow gold.

* * *

YOU GET ONLY WHAT YOU PAY FOR.

Few dressmakers realize how important it is to exercise extreme care in buying sewing silk. Avoid cheap brands or goods put up under "blind" labels. If the price is cheap it is safe to assume that the silk is still cheaper. You get only what you pay for. To make perfect silk requires extreme care in every process of manufacture from the cocoon to the finished silk thread.

Probably the largest silk thread works in the world are the Corticelli Silk Mills, which were established at Florence, Mass., over sixty-three years ago. Almost every dressmaker is familiar with the superior quality of their celebrated Corticelli Spool Silk, Machine Twist, and Buttonhole Twist.

This enterprising concern were the originators of Corticelli Stitching Silk, the only real stitching silk on the market, and although many imitations are now offered they all lack the peculiar qualities of the genuine. A card giving the colors in which stitching silk is furnished will be sent by them to any dressmaker who mentions PICTORIAL REVIEW and encloses business card.

* * *

APHORISMS.

There are chords in the human heart in strange, varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch.—Dickens.

* * *

One hour of joy dispels the cares and sufferings of a thousand years.—Byron.

* * *

Something the heart must have and cherish,
Must love, and joy and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
—Longfellow.

Beauty and Durability

In Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., are assured if you purchase those bearing this trade mark:

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Remember "1847"—take no substitute. There are "Rogers" and others claimed to be "just as good," but like all imitations, they lack the merit and value identified with the original and genuine.

Send for catalogue No. 61Z.

International Silver Co.,
Successor to
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

FLINCH — The Newest Most Fascinating
CARD GAME

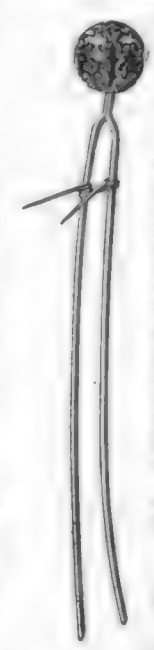
More simple than Authors.
More scientific than Whist.
Old and Young are captivated.

Organize or join a FLINCH Club. It has caught the popular fancy. A pack of fun. An evening of innocent amusement for 50 Cents.

Ask your stationer for a pack of FLINCH cards and instructions or send 50 cents direct to

FLINCH CARD CO.
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

"The Perfection"



SAFETY HAT PIN

SAVES THE HAT INSTEAD OF DESTROYING IT.

A wonderful little article every lady should have. Costs no more than old style pins. Gives ten times the satisfaction. Impossible to lose. The only pin that does not damage the hat, as it is attached to the sweatband instead of through the band and body. Removed from one hat to another in an instant. It has no points to prick into the head, but conforms to the shape of the head, lies close and holds secure. This pin does the work of an ordinary hat pin better, looks neater, lasts longer, and does not cost a cent more.

Finished in gilt, silver or black, with handsome filigree head. AGENTS WANTED.

Price, 25 Cents.

At All Dry Goods Stores,
or L. MULLER,
731 7th Avenue, New York.

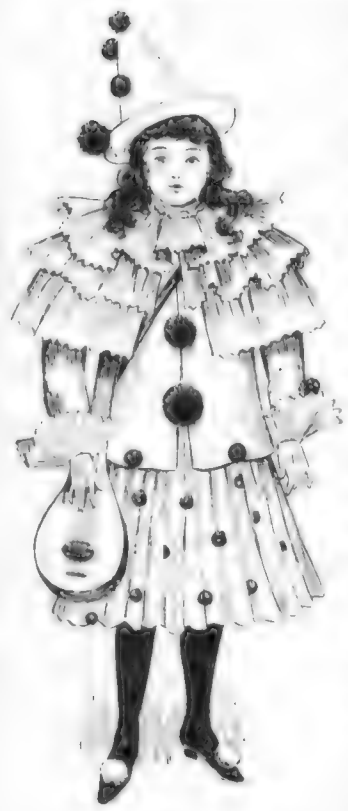
Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE.

TAWARA TODA.

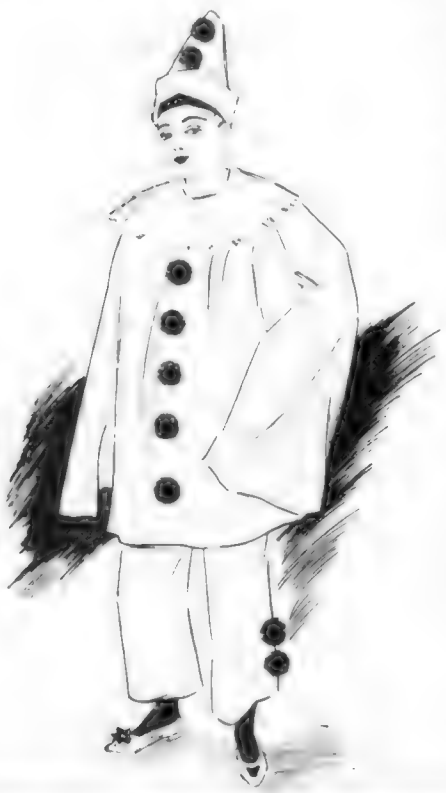
A Japanese Fairy Story.

ABOUT five centuries ago there was in Japan a famous and brave warrior named Tawara Toda. He was one of the bodyguard of the lord in his province of Omi. One day during his daily sally to seek adventures, he came to a long bridge, which was called "Seta-no-Karahashi." (This means a Chinese bridge at the village of Seta," and the bridge will be found in Japan even at this day.)



This bridge spanned the River Seta, which flowed out of the well-known Lake Biwa. When he set his foot on this bridge he saw an immense serpent lying across his pathway, so that he was unable to cross the bridge without stepping on the ugly creature. Ninety-nine out of a hundred people would have been daunted at such a frightful sight and taken to their heels and run. But Tawara Toda was not even frightened, and, without hesitation, he kept on his walk straight ahead. At the moment when he put his foot on the serpent, strangely enough, the serpent was instantly transformed into a dwarf.

Bowing humbly on his knee, he sat on the plank and said, in the most respectful manner: "My master! Thou art a man! For over one decade I have lain here for the purpose of finding one who should kindly awaken me, as I must avenge myself on my enemy. But all who have seen me as a serpent were cowards and they simply ran away at a glance. Thou art a man! Thou shalt help me, shalt thou not? I am a serpent living at the bottom of this lake, and my enemy is a centipede who dwells at the summit of yonder mountain. Come with me; this is my earnest desire. Please help me to destroy my enemy."



Tawara Toda was deeply interested in this, and willingly followed the dwarf to his palace, which was situated underneath the water of the lake.

The dwarf clapped his hands but once, and instantly there was a beautiful boat made of finest shells, decorated with corals and pearls.

Sinking fathom by fathom to the bottom of the lake, they finally arrived at the palace. It was built entirely of coral. All tiny creatures which belong to the serpent family were on duty as bodyguards. They received Tawara Toda in their most courteous way and invited him to the most brilliant room of the palace, where the floor was entirely covered with tortoise shell and all the furniture made of coral. Fancy seaweeds were used in the place of draperies, and everything in sight was of marine production.

In the meanwhile a dinner was brought in by the attendants. It was composed solely of fish. Wine was served and dancing and singing were performed by the feminine attendants ,who were a great curiosity to the honorable guest from the upper world.

At the height of this entertainment, and when the dwarf had just offered to the warrior a glass of wine of good luck, a tremendous noise was heard. Thud! thud! thud! The noise was now heard much louder and more distinctly, and it seemed as if the earth would crack. It was a noise of the fearful monster of which the dwarf had spoken, approaching toward the lake from its den in the mountain. An enormous centipede, with two great eyes glittering like burning coals and one thousand or more feet on each side of the body, was approaching nearer and nearer to the dwarf's palace.

The dwarf was trembling with fear, while Tawara Toda was ready to shoot the monster with his famous bow and arrow. No time was to be lost, and the warrior, standing up, fitted his immense arrow to the bow-notch and let it fly with all his great strength. This bow that he used was so big and heavy that seven ordinary men could scarcely pull it. The warrior did not miss his aim and the arrow struck right in the center of the monster's ugly head; but, strangely enough, it rebounded instead of lodging there. He now shot his second arrow, but, alas! it rebounded also as if the head of the monster was made of hard metal.

This made the monster enraged, and, furiously angry, it was now down to the water's edge to defile the lake with its sticky poison. The warrior again took up his bow and shot his third arrow at the monster. This time again the arrow struck right in the same spot on its head, and, entering in the front, it came out again from the back. so that the centipede had lost entirely its strength and energy and almost instantly fell down dead.

Then the triumphant warrior returned to his own castle and received various presents which were offered from the grateful dwarf. The presents were composed of three different articles. The first was a suit of armor with a sword, all set with precious stones, with which he was enabled to win victory against all his enemies ever after. The second was a roll of silk which never grew smaller no matter how large a quantity was used. The third was a sack of rice which never decreased as long as he lived, although he took from it day after day for meals for himself and his family. From this third and last present he took his name, "Tawara," which being interpreted, means "The sack of rice."

Through this wonderful and lucky "Tawara" he was enabled to spend the remainder of his life in great prosperity and hapiness.

* * *

THE MAGIC MELON.

A Chinese Fable.

One day, when a very poor but warm-hearted and compassionate woman was washing her clothes in a small running brook, there suddenly fell in front of her right into the water a tiny bird, wounded and helpless from the shot of a cruel hunter. She picked it up because she did not like to see it perish before her eyes, and took it home with her, where she carefully bandaged the wound and nursed the bird until it was well enough to fly away. A few days later it returned with a small, peculiarly shaped seed in its bill, which it deposited on the table and then flew away again. The woman planted the seed in her garden, and when it sprouted and grew she found it to be a melon that increased in size from day to day.

Toward the end of the year, when, as custom demands, every Chinaman must pay his debts unless he wants to enter the new year with dishonor and sneers, our friend, the poor woman, became nearly ill from grief at her inability to pay what she owed. She sat in front of her poor little hut one night, shivering with apprehension and despair, when her eye suddenly fell on the ripe melon that was exhaling a peculiar fragrance. Suppose she should sell the melon, for which she would undoubtedly receive a high price on account of its enormous size?

This thought had no sooner entered her mind than she went into her kitchen, got a knife and cut the melon from the vine.

How great was her surprise when, on picking it up, she heard something rattle inside. With quick determination she cut the melon and discovered that instead of seeds it contained a huge quantity of gold and silver coin. She found that she had not alone sufficient to pay her debts and lay in a supply of meat and groceries for a whole month, but enough to keep worry and sorrow away for the remainder of her life.

* * *

THE MOUNTAIN FAIRY.

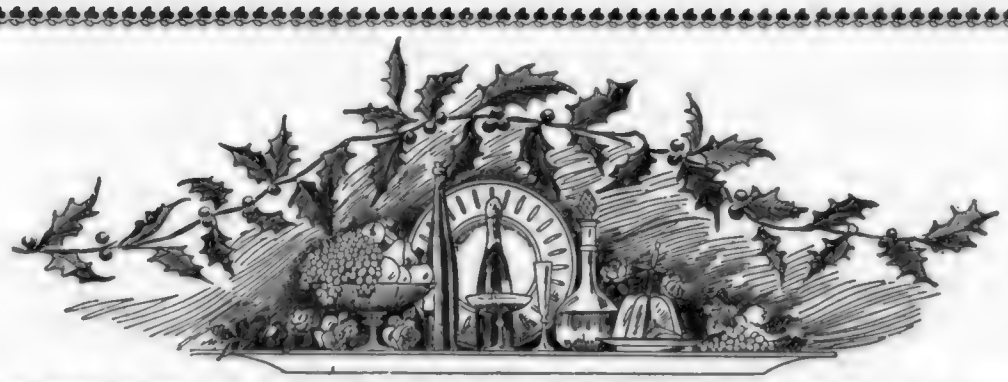
Once upon a time there lived a king and queen, who only had one princess, and she was so beautiful. Her name was Bluebell.

One day when Bluebell was out on a mountain a little fairy came and she said, "You come on my back, and I will take you to Fairyland?"

Bluebell was delighted, flew away over the hills, right over the mountain-lake, till they came to a golden gate where fairies were dancing gayly.

A fairy danced right to the gate and opened it, and as they went in they heard strains of sweet music.

The king and queen came soon after to live with their darling, and they all lived happily ever after.



USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

LUNCHEONS—Concluded.

Luncheon (ELABORATE).

Little Neck Clams
Toast with Caviar
Chicken Broth, with Whipped Cream
Broiled Fresh Mushrooms Chicken Terrapin
Olives Water Cress Candied Ginger
Lamb Chops Fried Potatoes
Sherbet (Frozen Apricots)
Sweetbreads, with Peas Asparagus Salad
Ice Cream
Fruit Cake Bonbons
Coffee

Chicken Broth.

PUT a fowl weighing eight pounds in two quarts of cold water, add a small onion. Boil slowly for four hours, or until the meat falls from the bones. Strain, and when cold take off the fat. Season with salt and pepper, serve hot in cups and put on top a spoonful of whipped cream. Heated soda cracker should be served with it.

Broiled Mushrooms.

Cut the stems and rub the skin off large fresh mushrooms. Broil on a hot gridiron, salt and serve individually on buttered Graham bread.

Chicken Terrapin.

Chop one cold roast chicken and one large parboiled sweetbread moderately fine. Make a rich cream sauce; take one cup of hot cream, a quarter cup of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, heat until smooth and creamy, then put in the chicken and sweetbread, salt and pepper to taste and heat over hot water for fifteen minutes. Just before serving, add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and one wine-glass of sherry wine.

Lamb Chops.

Trim the bones and remove all the fat and skin. Cover them with beaten egg, then bread crums, then dip them in melted butter. Boil them slowly for about ten minutes. Tie little papers around the bone and garnish with parsley all around.

Fried Potatoes.

Peel and cut in long thin strips and lay in ice water for an hour; dry on a napkin and fry in boiling lard. Sprinkle with salt and serve.

Sherbet of Frozen Apricots.

Cut one-half can of apricots into small pieces, add one pint of sugar and one quart of water and freeze. When partly frozen, add one pint of whipped cream, measured after whipping. This sherbet is delicious.

Fried Sweetbreads.

Parboil and blanch large sweetbreads. Remove the skin and pipes, cut into even slices, dip into egg and seasoned bread crumbs and fry in butter until brown. Serve on buttered toast with a sauce made of melted butter, with a dash of flour, cayenne pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. If served with peas the sauce is not needed. Serve the sweetbreads in the center of the dish, with the peas around them.

Asparagus Salad.

Over the green part of cold boiled asparagus spread mayonnaise, with chopped-up mixed pickles through it. Serve on a round dish and serve the heads all in the middle of the dish.

Mayonnaise.

On a large plate stir into the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of mustard, one of powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a generous pinch of cayenne. Then add one pint of olive oil, drop by drop at first; when thick and stiff the oil may be added in larger quantities. Then thin this mixture with white vinegar or lemon juice to the consistency desired. Chop up any pickles may be on hand and mix them into the mayonnaise.

Less Elaborate Luncheon.

Cream of Barley
Pickled Oysters
Buttered Graham Bread
Broiled Chicken Potato Croquettes Cress
Marguerite Cream Dainty Little Pound Cakes
Chocolate, with Whipped Cream

Cream of Barley.

Put half a pound of barley in a quart of boiling water with a little salt; boil until soft, add more water while boiling, strain through a close sieve and while straining pour water on it so as to extract all the nourishing properties. After straining put it back on the fire; add two tablespoonfuls of good butter, and before serving pour into the soup tureen a cupful of whipped cream. Pour the soup over it very gently, stirring all the time so not to curdle the soup. Serve squares of toasted bread with this soup.

Pickled Oysters.

This is a grand recipe, and it is advisable to pickle one hundred at a time so as to have them handy. Put as many as can be used at a meal in jars and keep them in a cool place. Take one hundred large oysters, put them with their juice in a clean smooth saucepan, salt them to taste, and heat them very slowly until very hot, but not boiling. Take the oysters out very carefully with a skimmer, and set them aside to cool. Then add to the liquor one pint of good white vinegar, one dozen blades of mace, one dozen of whole cloves, two dozen of whole black peppers, boil all smartly. When the oysters are cold, pour the boiling liquor over them. Cover them and put them aside until the next day. Then pack them in jars as advised above.

Graham Bread.

Mix four cups of Graham flour, two cups of wheat flour, and teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve half a cake of yeast in a cupful of lukewarm water; when dissolved add two more cupfuls of lukewarm water and mix all together in an earthen bowl. Set by the stove to rise, which will take from three to five hours. When light, stir in two-thirds of a cup of molasses. Grease pans, put the dough into them and bake for one hour.

Marguerite Cream.

Put half a box of gelatine in one quart of milk and let it dissolve on the side of the range. In the meantime beat the yokes of six eggs with a quarter of a pound of sugar until light, add them to the milk, put it on the fire and stir until quite thick. Remove from the fire and when cool, add the beaten whites, half a tumbler of sherry wine, and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract. Put it in a mould and set on ice.

LADIES WANTED
TO SELL OUR
Handsome Petticoats and Rainy Day Skirts
Exclusive territory given. Our agents are earning independent livings. . . . . Write us for catalogs and particulars.
PARIS SKIRT CO., 141 Viaduct, Cleveland, O.

King of All
If you have tried other remedies without relief you will find a cure by using
"ANTIDANDRO"
The only sure Dandruff Cure.
The only sure Hair preserver.
Trial size, 50 cents
Large size, $1.00
Ask your druggist for it; accept no substitute
If he will not furnish it, address
Antidandro Chemical Co.
516 W. B'way, New York.

Bottled Coffee
THE NEW DISCOVERY
Any person who can boil water can make perfect coffee. Made at the table in individual cups, to suit the taste of each person. Pure coffee, clear as wine, fragrant and healthful.
All Toledo grocers sell it.
THE SCHOFIELD COFFEE CO. (Ltd.)
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Harderfold INTER-AIR-SPACE UNDERWEAR
Wards off the chills which precede colds and kindred ills.
Harderfold Fabric Co. TROY, N.Y.

If you had an ARNOLD STEAM COOKER you could sew or read or do anything you pleased while meals were cooking. No danger of spoiling or burning, just because it CAN'T. And the food would be boiled, baked or basted better than any you ever tasted. A copy of Dr. Beardsley's great lecture on "Food and Digestion" will be mailed free to every reader of this paper on application. We need more agents. Good money can be made. Send for terms.
WILMOT CASTLE & CO., 27 Elm St., Rochester, N.Y.

SEE HOW IT'S DONE?
Just out and a great opportunity for making big money.
THE GRANT Egg Opener
A practical and unique device for opening eggs. Cuts the shell neatly, leaves no broken pieces, doesn't soil the hands, operates quickly, gives perfect satisfaction.
No Dining Room is complete without one. From one to six sold in every house. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
Just the thing for a Wedding or Birthday Present.
Send 50 cents for sample and terms to Agents; liberal discounts and exclusive territory. Send to-day, to-morrow may be too late. If the territory you specify is taken, your money will be refunded.
Quadruple Silverplated, each by mail postpaid, 50 cts.
Per half dozen, $2.75. Per dozen, $5.00.
The Office Specialty Co., Box 762-K, Goshen, Ind.

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PLATES.

CHIC TAILOR-MADES.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 967.—Suit of panne cloth cut with long turndown collar. Velvet facing. Vest and revers of light cloth. Embroidery. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50.

Fig. 968.—Cheviot costume. Jacket with straight front effect. Vest, straps and collar of light cloth. Flare skirt. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50.

HANDSOME WALKING SUITS.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 934.—Costume of navy-blue zibeline. Jacket with yoke effect and scalloped revers. Stitched strap trimming. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50.

Fig. 935.—Costume of plaid cloth. Vest and straps of light cloth. Collar and revers faced with velvet or peau de soie. Skirt trimmed with stitching. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50.

HANDSOME STREET GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 701.—Gown of camel's hair zibeline. Eton jacket with new standing collar and revers faced with lace. Revers faced with moiré. Tucked skirt springing out into flounce. Pattern, Eton, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 702.—Gown of fancy check suiting. Collarless Eton with novel revers faced with moiré and trimmed with peau de soie or moiré straps of contrasting color. Tucked skirt trimmed with straps. Pattern, jacket, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 703.—Costume of fancy mixed suiting. Blouse waist, tucked, mounted on yoke and trimmed with appliqué. New sleeve. Tucked skirt.

ELEGANT DINNER GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 704.—Gown of dotted velvet. Lace waist with elbow sleeves. Bolero effect of tucked velvet edged with embroidery. Flounce skirt. Pattern, waist, 75 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 705.—Black velvet gown with incrustations of black Chantilly lace over white satin. Inserted panels of plaited white chiffon at sides of skirt. Waist opens over vest of plaited chiffon. New sleeve. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 706.—Gown of accordion-plaited apple-green Liberty silk, trimmed with lace insertion. Lace yoke finished with black velvet ribbon. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50c. extra.

HANDSOME CLOTH SKIRTS.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

S71.—Flounce skirt trimmed with stitched straps and moiré diamonds. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

S72.—Flounce skirt tucked in clusters and trimmed with moiré diamonds and stitched straps. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

S73.—Cloth skirt tucked in clusters, trimmed with moiré diamonds and stitched straps. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

S74.—Cloth skirt with new plait effect trimmed with peau de soie or moiré straps and stitching. Flare effect at hem. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

S75.—Cloth skirt fitted at top and flaring at bottom trimmed with fancy black and white braid diamonds and stitching. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

CHIC BALL GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 713.—Gown of embroidered and plain white organdy. Fichu with wide tucks edged with embroidered frill. Skirt trimmed with three ruffles and lace insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 714.—Gown of dotted white silk organdy composed of ruffles of graduated width edged with satin straps. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 715.—Gown of pale-blue Liberty silk trimmed with ruffles and lace or embroidered insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY NEGLIGÉES.

(Illustrated on page 15.)

Fig. 339.—Negligée of mercerized pale-blue lawn trimmed with Chantilly lace insertion. Sailor collar edged with ruffle. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 340.—Kimona of pale-pink surah or mercerized lawn, trimmed with tucked bands, straps of contrasting color and lace. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 341.—Negligée of white mercerized batiste trimmed in bolero effect with lace insertion. Fichu collar. Flounce tucked in clusters. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

NOVEL IDEAS IN NET, VELVET AND CLOTH GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 707.—Gown of rough-surfaced goods. Waist with wide tucks and box-plait effect, trimmed with straps of white cloth and buttons. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 708.—Velvet gown trimmed with Chantilly incrustations over white satin. Yoke, sleeve and flounce on skirt of Liberty silk. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 709.—Gown of black point d'esprit trimmed with handsome jet appliqué. Flounce of Liberty silk on skirt. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME THEATER GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 710.—Gown of dotted velvet, new plait effect, trimmed with lace yoke and cuffs and moiré straps on skirt. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 711.—Gown of satin-striped net over taffeta. White chiffon yoke. Trimming of handsome jet and lace appliqué. Skirt finished with deep flounce of Liberty silk trimmed with three rows of ribbon. Pattern, waist, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 712.—Gown of net over taffeta or peau de soie, trimmed with lace yoke and handsome lace appliqué. Elbow sleeves completed with frills. Pattern, waist, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DRESSY SILK WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 335.—Waist of pale-blue peau de soie, tucked in clusters, trimmed with embroidered berthe edged with stitched straps. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 336.—Waist of tucked peau de soie, extension vest and long turn-down collar of contrasting color trimmed with buttons and stitching. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 337.—Waist of tucked peau de soie or taffeta trimmed with inset bands of contrasting color; also revers and vest of same. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 338.—Waist of peau de soie tucked in clusters, extension vest and revers of contrasting color ornamented with stitching. Edges bordered with embroidered straps. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEAT SCHOOL FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 716.—Frock of tan cloth trimmed with tucks and straps. Three rows of brown velvet ribbon around skirt. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 717.—Frock of biscuit cashmere or Viyella. Waist and skirt with wide tucks, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. New sleeve. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 718.—Frock of navy-blue cloth. Tucked waist mounted on plain yoke trimmed with stitched berthe and buttons. Skirt with tucked flounce, strap and velvet ribbon garniture. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 719.—Frock of check cloth, tucked and trimmed with velvet ribbon. New yoke effect. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE CLOTH DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 720.—Dress of small plaid cloth, waist with round yoke, velvet ribbon trimming. Pattern, dress, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 721.—Dress of gray cloth, blouse with sailor collar and clusters of tucks, trimmed with straps of bias plaid velvet. Pattern, dress, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 722.—Dress of navy-blue cloth, tucked; vest, collar and panel front of skirt of castor cloth. Trimming of narrow velvet ribbon and fur. Pattern, dress, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents.

Fig. 723.—Dress of biscuit cashmere, tucked in clusters; large collar trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. New sleeve. Pattern, dress, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

PRETTY PARTY DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 724.—Dress of figured Liberty silk in Empire effect trimmed with lace insertion. Belt and revers of plain material. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 725.—Dress of white mercerized batiste trimmed with tucks and herring boning. Embroidered ruffles. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 726.—Dress of white silk organdy trimmed with lace insertion and embroidered ruffles. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 727.—Dress of pale-blue Liberty silk trimmed with lace insertion run with narrow ribbon; yoke tucked in clusters; lace berthe. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

ORGANDY AND LAWN FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 728.—Frock of white organdy; waist and skirt tucked in clusters and trimmed with lace insertion. Lace ruffles on skirt and sleeves. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 729.—Frock of blue mercerized batiste. Waist with yoke effect trimmed with lace insertion and ruffle. Tucked skirt. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 730.—Frock of white lawn trimmed with lace insertion and ruffles. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 731.—Frock of mercerized batiste. Waist tucked in clusters and trimmed with lace insertion. Skirt trimmed with ruffles. Ribbon rosettes. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

TISH'S SLEEVES.

How a Stumbling Block to Righteousness was Removed.

By D. HURST.

THE "protracted meeting" had been going on for a week, and with alarming regularity each evening saw all of the cabins deserted and each morning revealed the fact that the enemy was in the land; hence on Saturday evening I determined to watch the chicken house, for on the morrow there would be a basket meeting, with services lasting from 11 in the morning until 11 at night. There would be intermissions, to, during which the entire colored population from all the region 'round about would be dined upon chicken from more than one unprotected roost, and bacon and ham from many a pregnable meat house.

Along toward 11, I stole into a dark corner of the yard, whence I commanded a good view of both the meat and the chicken house. Throwing myself at length upon the ground, I began to eat a luscious peach that had fallen invitingly near. The cabins were still deserted and I had not expected that any invader would have the courage to come in search of game for half an hour, but I had scarcely become settled when I realized that someone was coming from the direction of the chicken house and straight toward me. The bright starlight revealed the fact that the intruder was a woman, and as she drew nearer, I recognized to my surprise, our trusted housegirl, Tish. Early in the evening I had seen her going away, arrayed in all the glory of her purple lawn with green ribbon trimmings, but now she wore the large-sleeved housedress that was my especial abomination and her especial delight.

"Tish, why do you still wear those baggy sleeves?" I once asked her. "They are not in style now and they are horribly ugly."

She had evidently prepared herself for such a question, for she answered glibly:

"Dee is my workin' sleeves, Mass Ned, an' dee is de most 'conimericable I kin hev. In de fust place, dee is so loose dat dee don't bus' out when I scrubs an' sweeps, an' den, when de dress is gone, all but de sleeves, I takes de rubbah out'n de woistes, rips 'em out'n de armholes, splits e'm up de inside seam, sews de two pieces togerr, an' dyah am an apun fo' me, all ready to be put on de ban'."

To-night, however, her sleeves seemed to trouble her, for she paused a moment with her left arm held straight down in front of her, and gazed reflectingly at it for a moment. Then with her right hand, she drew upon the rubber at the wrist, shaking the offending arm, meantime, vigorously. The result was not satisfactory, and I heard her murmur:

"Yo'ze 'tarmint to stay dyah, is you? Well, you cyarn do hit, so come erlong, you offspring ob Be'lzebub. I'ze got 'ligion an' you may temp' me, but you cyarn win de vict'ry."

By this time she had drawn from her sleeve a chicken whose neck she must have wrung before I saw her. Throwing it upon the ground, she knelt directly in front of it, and taking two pins from her dress, wrapped each sleeve closely about the arm it encircled and pinned it securely. Then she spoke again:

"Now, you is useless to de debbil an' I'ze gwine ter pray. Heah me, oh Lawd, dear Lawd, who am de gawd of Abum an' all de chilluns of dis wicked an' low down uth. You does mek de rainwatah ter fall in de bar'ls ob de jus' an' de onjus', an' you does send de sunshine on de watahmillion patch ob dat measly ole Mass Cummins, same as you does on dat fine one ob my Mass Ned; yes, Lawd, you can even count de kinky hyahs on my haid same as dem threads of gol' dat kivers my Miss Elsie's haid; den let de rainwatah ob yo' sperit come right down in dis wicked hawt ob mine an' clah out all de meanness. Oh, Lawd, ef you kin do all ob dese t'ings, come right er long an' help me to get rid ob dese hyah sleeves. Mebbe you kin count de hyahs on Miss Elsie's haid, but you cyarn' count de times dese sleeves has led me into debbilment, case dee is many mo dan I kin count myself. Dyah was dis berry night when I done shout louder dan ole Aunt Halsey, an' was led ob de sperit ter run out'n de meetin' house, leavin' Wess alone, so's like's not, he'll come home wid dat yaller Kit, an' I run clah home, a-shoutin' all de way, 'I'ze free! Bress de Lawd, I'se free!' an' den when I put dese sleeves on an' walk straight out'n de roos' ter prove dat I was free in deed an' in truf, de debbil in dese sleeves call louder dan de voice ob de sperit an' say, 'I kin jes' hol' dat nice fat pullet on dat lowes' pole, an' ef you fries hit nice an' brown fo' Wess, you'll iotch him suah, an' oh, Lawd, fo'gib me dis time, but done wrung dat pullet's neck befo' I knowed hit myself, let alone de pullet. Oh, Lawd, hit's agin dese sleeves dat I'se prayin' an' a'seechin' at de throne ob grace! Don' I reckommember de time dat I done put dat poun' ob buttah up dis berry sleeve dat am now bloody wid de testimony ob dat pullet, an' don' I know dat hit was dis clean one dat done kiver a gret hunk ob dat jelly cake whut Miss Elsie bake wid huh own han's fo' little Ned, an' I foun' hit when I went ter git de brandy fo' de aignogg? Oh, my Lawd, I is boun' ter sprecify some ob de 'fessions ob my sinful ways, an' I ain't fo'git dat once I sheltuh in my sleeves de breas' an' wing ob a chicken an' gib 'em ter Wess an' den tell Miss Elsie de cat mus' 'a snatch 'em off'n de plate! An' now, deah Lawd, I'se ashamed ter tell you any mo', an' ef you'll jes fo'gib me dis time, I'll promise you to cut out dese sleeves an' put in some dat's good an' tight, an' I pledge you, Lawd, ef you'll gib me de powah from on high, dat I'll nevah steal no mo', an' I'll nevah lie no mo,' an' I'll stan' by de wud ob grace to de end ob de row. Amen."

When Caroline served breakfast on the following morning, I heard her say to Elsie:

"Tish got 'ligion dese days, Miss Elsie, an' hit mek huh mighty good. She done got up dis mawnin' an' kill an' pick my chicken befo' I out'n de baid," and a few moments later, when Tish went for a plate of warm biscuit, Elsie said to me:

"Tish wants to know if I can give her a pattern for tight sleeves. She says Wess don't like the loose ones and the wedding comes off next month."

❧ ❧ ❧

A FINANCIER.

"There is a small cross-eyed boy living in this city, who, if he doesn't lose his life through just retribution, will grow up to become a great financier," declared Jones. "For some time my wife has possessed a yellow pup that has no earthly excuse for living. But she thinks that he is the finest dog in the city, and spends most of her time hugging him and kissing his dirty little nose. Finally the dog worship became so unbearable to me that I resolved to end the nuisance. Chancing to meet a small cross-eyed boy one day, I said to him:

"'See here, boy, do you want to earn a dollar?'

"'Sure,' said he.

"'Well, then,' said I, 'you go up to my house, watch your chance and steal the yellow cur that you will find hanging around there. When you get him, bring him down to my office, and get your dollar.'

"Within two hours the boy was back with the cur tied to a rope.

"'What will I do with him, boss?' he asked after I paid him.

"'I don't care,' I snapped; 'drown him if you want to.'

"That night I discovered my wife in tears, and I was informed between sobs that poor, dear little Fido was missing. The next day she had an advertisement inserted in all the papers offering $10 for his return. The third day she met me joyfully at the door and announced that Fido had been found.

"'Where?' I asked, concealing a groan.

"'A little boy brought him back,' she answered.

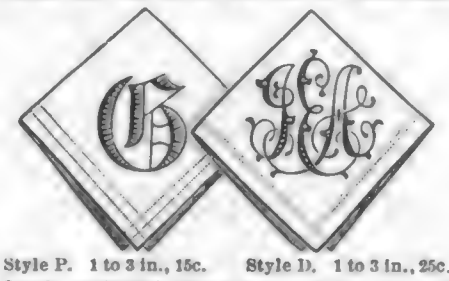
"'What kind of a boy?' I asked suspiciously.

"'A small cross-eyed boy with the most honest face that I ever saw on a boy. I gave him $10, it being all I had, and told him if he would go down and see you that I knew you would be glad to add $5 to it.'

"But the boy didn't show up. As a matter of fact, I hadn't the slightest idea he would. I wouldn't mind giving him $5 if he would call."

MIZPAH PESSARY
An unexcelled Uterine Supporter.
The center tube holds it in position, and it cannot become misplaced. It is soft, light, and comfortable, easily placed in position, and just as easily removed. Ask your Druggist, or send for descriptive circular to WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch St., Phila

PERFORATED PATTERNS
—OF—
Monograms and Initial Letters for Embroidery



Style P. 1 to 3 in., 15c. Style D. 1 to 3 in., 25c.

I make perforated patterns of monograms and initial letters for embroidering your handkerchiefs, table linen, sofa pillows, or anything you may desire. **I make them to your order.** Send two cent stamp for handsome sample sheets showing more than **Seventy Styles** and designs with prices.

SAMUEL PRYOR, Art Designer,
Dept. P. 191 Genesee Street, Utica, N. Y.

Largest House in New York City.
SEVEN STORIES OF
Dressmakers' Supplies

LATEST NOVELTIES.

Dress Trimmings,	**Jets, Buckles,**
Silks, Velvets,	**Linings, Buttons,**
Laces, Veils,	**Passementeries.**

Cheapest House in U. S.

It will pay you to give us a call.

Max Mandel,
74 Hester St., NEW YORK.
Telephone—2194 Spring.

A Marvelous Offer!

Justly celebrated **Genuine Barrios Diamonds** in Rings, Pins and Studs $1.00 each. Earrings $2.00 per pair. Mail orders filled promptly upon receipt of price. Send for catalogue.

The Barrios Diamond Co.
1139 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

Please mention PICTORIAL REVIEW when writing to advertisers.

THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE!

The success and the approbation accorded our Fur Scarf Premiums last season, together with the many letters of inquiry requesting similar Premiums this season, have induced us to repeat the Premium Offer of Scarfs, to which we have added muffs, in such fashionable furs as Mink and Sable. These will make a set of very handsome furs. Countless letters in our office testify to the high appreciation that our Premiums have met with on all sides, and we are confident that in offering these attractive furs we will meet popular approval and greater success.

A lady's cluster scarf, the finest Electric Seal, 50 inches long, including tails. Cluster of three sable tails at each end falling to the waist line. Can be turned up and worn as a storm collar.

GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE FOR SIX YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PICTORIAL REVIEW AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

This handsome scarf of European Sable will be given absolutely FREE for TEN Yearly Subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at One Dollar each.

The scarf is very full and fluffy and particularly rich in appearance, 50 inches long, including tails.

A Brook Mink cluster scarf, dark centre stripe, 48 inches long, including tails. Cluster of three tails at each end reaching to the waist line. Can be turned up and worn as a storm collar.

GIVEN ABSOLUTELY FREE FOR SIX YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PICTORIAL REVIEW AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

HOW TO GET A MUFF.

Muffs matching the scarfs will be given FREE for the following number of subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at One Dollar each:

MUFF OF EUROPEAN SABLE,
10 subscriptions.

MUFF OF ELECTRIC SEAL,
10 subscriptions.

MUFF OF BROOK MINK,
6 subscriptions.

An attractive Victoria, Brook Mink, with dark centre stripe and cluster of two sable tails. It is the latest shaped flat boa and measures 66 inches in length, including tails.

Given absolutely FREE for TEN Yearly Subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at One Dollar each.

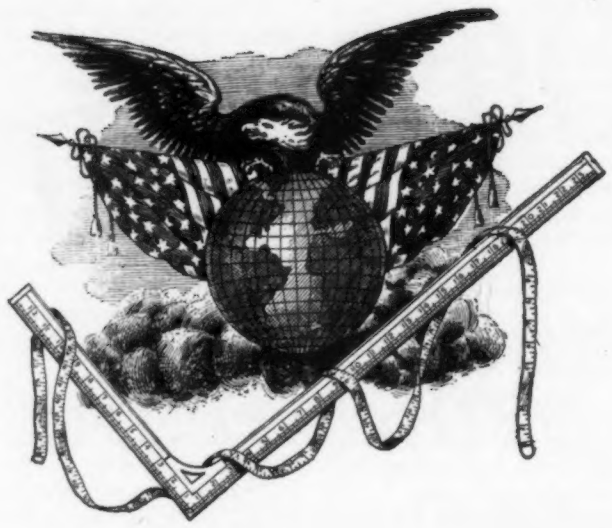
HOW TO GET THE PREMIUMS.

Subscribe yourself, then show the book to five or nine of your friends and get them to subscribe. Send us the names and addresses with the money, we will send PICTORIAL REVIEW to each address for one year, and we will send you the Scarf, Muff, or both.

It is not necessary to keep the subscriptions until the SIX or TEN are complete; send them in one by one, as fast as taken, and we will credit you with them.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPIES AND SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS.

ADDRESS, AMERICAN FASHION CO., Inc., 853 Broadway, New York City.



American Fashion Co.'s

Cutting and Designing School

853 Broadway, New York

Learn the American Fashion Co.'s

SYSTEM OF CUTTING

It is Absolutely the Best

IN our school the pupil learns the art of garment cutting by the simplest and most practical system. We not only teach you how to cut all kinds of CLOTH and FUR garments, but we give practical instructions in making and finishing these garments. Theory and practice will be combined, an advantage which no other cutting school does or can offer. And another advantage in our system of cutting is, that the ordinary plain rule and tape measure is used, thus avoiding any patented square, or rule, as employed in other schools, which, when lost or broken, render the system practically valueless.

Our teachers are men who have conducted successfully for years ladies' tailoring and fur establishments. They have the knowledge which can only be gained by years of study and experience.

In our school garments will be made in muslin and cloth, and each pupil will be acquainted with the thousand and one important items which cannot be acquired by theory, but only by lessons of practical garment making.

The AMERICAN FASHION Co., Inc., have eclipsed in all their various departments and publications all other competitors, and are confident that this announcement will be welcomed by all those that have for years been looking in vain for an establishment whose teachings will enable them to embark in the field of garment making, imbued with a confidence that only years of experience can give. It is commendable that cutters, having learned other systems, take a course in our system, thus securing a proficiency which cannot be obtained in any other school.

The AMERICAN FASHION Co., Inc., have on their books over 5,000 customers. We have hundreds of inquiries from them to recommend to them experienced Designers, Cutters, Fitters, etc.

A course in our school is a guarantee for an immediate engagement. We also have concluded to give a limited course of instruction of fifteen days, at $50.00 to those having already learned another system.

Out of town pupils are given every opportunity to shorten the time ordinarily required for learning, as we give them as many lessons a day as they can take. You are not limited in time, however, and can attend our school until you feel perfectly confident that you are capable of holding any position. We also invite our pupils to call and get new points whenever they wish.

We will be pleased to furnish, on request, further information.

AMERICAN FASHION COMPANY, Inc.

Pictorial Review

MARCH, 1902

Subscription Price, $1.00 Per Year. **For Sale on All News Stands.**

An Illustrated Fashion and Family Magazine.

CHILDREN,
THEIR DRESS, EDUCATION AND PHYSICAL TRAINING
RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

AMERICAN FASHION COMPANY, Inc.

853 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office.

TELEPHONE—No. 3791-3792 Eighteenth Street
CABLE ADDRESS—Ahnelt, New York. A-B-C Code Used

PARIS HOUSE

24 Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière Xe

Telephone 276-86 **Cable Address—Ahnelt, Paris** **A—B—C Code Used**

European customers will please address all correspondence to Paris House.

Nos clients d'Europe sont priés d'adresser toutes correspondences à notre maison à Paris.

Europäische Kunden werden höflichst ersucht alle Correspondenzen an unser Pariser Haus zu richten.

Publications of the American Fashion Co., Inc.

Pictorial Review — Styles for CHILDREN A Specialty

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE of practical fashions for Dressmakers and the Home. Useful information and illustrations for Tailors and Furriers.

Subscription Price One Dollar a Year

Les Parisiennes — Album de Luxe "Genre Tailleur"

Five numbers for Spring and Summer season and a large season's show card.

Published Monthly except December and June

Five numbers for Fall and Winter season and a large season's show card.

Subscription Price For One Year (10 numbers) **$20.00**

American Album of Fur Novelties — The Standard Work for Furriers

The designs are original. The models authentic A correct guide to coming fashions.

Per Year, $20.00. Sample Copy, $3.50

Published nine times a year (from March to November), including a large, artistic season's show card.

Guaranteed perfect fitting patterns supplied of all styles.

American Gentleman — Album de Luxe Men's Fashions

Published Twice Yearly

No. 1 about Jan. 1st } Spring Styles
No. 2 about July 1st } Fall Styles

Subscription Price For One Year, $5.00

Waist and Wrapper Album — Published Four Times a Year

No. 1 about October 1st } Spring
" 2 " Nov. 15th } Styles
No. 3 about March 1st } Fall
" 4 " May 1st } Styles

Including Special Sketches of Novelties appearing between seasons.

Subscription Price, $25.00

American Skirt Album — Published Six Times a Year

No. 1 about Nov. 1st } Spring
" 2 " Dec. 1st } Styles
" 3 " Jan. 1st } Styles
No. 4 about April 1st } Fall
" 5 " May 1st } Styles
" 6 " June 1st } Styles

Subscription Price, together with *Les Parisiennes*, $40.00

JAN 31 1902

THE RETURN OF ROGER KESTEVEN.

By GERALD BISS.

ROGER KESTEVEN was beginning to become decidedly conscious that it was near dinner time, informed of the fact by his gastric chronometer.

"Umph," he muttered to himself, as he looked up at the chaos of rumpled scraps upon the floor and the neat piles of paper on the table in front of him, "a man doesn't drop out of the world for two years without a post-office handy without acquiring an accumulation of correspondence and a budget of news. How one's friends change in two years! Some dead: some—worse still—married; and others—worst of all—with babies! Wedding cards, funeral cards, announcements of births, bills galore, invitations to hunt, shoot or fish, to say nothing of dining and supping—most of them left unanswered for two years! How deuced rude people will think me! Never mind, I'll polish off a few thousand apologies. Meanwhile, I must just run through this last little lot, before I can dine with a clear conscience."

With a sigh of resignation he turned to a batch of about a dozen letters still unopened. He had left New York suddenly two years before, in the very middle of the season, at a moment's notice, on a shooting expedition; and he had been unable to send anyone an address until he had reached his chambers in town again, the day before, in the middle of the season two years later, owing to the inconvenient postal arrangements in the center of the Dark Continent. Thus, being a popular man, it was not to be wondered at that a stupendous collection of miscellaneous missives had foregathered in his chambers.

He picked up the envelope on the top of the diminishing heap and tore it open.

"The eighth request from Smithson for a check for such common necessities as boots—and rather a rude one, too! Very well, he shall have his check, and precious little more of my custom." He opened the next with an impatient rip.

"Hallo, what's this? A card from Mrs. Teignmouth—dancing. But when? By Jove, it's to-night!"

He sank into a reverie. The card he held in his hand carried him back two years, to the very night he had decided to go off on a long trip with Freddy Howard. He had gone to Mrs. Teignmouth's ball with his mind made up; and on the answer of Helen Mowbray depended his decisive reply to Freddy. He had known Helen ever since they were children, and, as boy and girl, they had been "pals." Then he remembered when he was a boy of sixteen, sending her on her fifteenth birthday a little ring of great price, as finances went in those days, accompanied by extravagant protestations of undying affection, and receiving a distinctly encouraging answer; but, when the holidays came, a fortnight later, he had felt far too shy and self-conscious to make any reference to his compromising epistle. And so matters had drifted on, until he went up to Harvard and they both began to consider themselves grown up. There a fast set sapped sentiment, and he looked upon people who really wanted to get married as mere fools. In the vacations, therefore, he had treated Helen rather patronizingly, but at the same time had felt distinctly sheepish and inclined to renew his courting.

Later on came a season in town, and he had let his better self go, becoming like Helen's shadow and her humble and obedient slave, yet never plucking up the necessary courage to bring matters to a crisis. And so things had drifted on until the end of January, when one day his old chum, Freddy, had dashed into his chambers and explained in puffs and gasps that he had arranged a magnificent tour through Africa and wanted a companion, would Roger come? Roger asked for twelve hours to decide in, being a keen sportsman, and determined to put his fate to the test at Mrs. Teignmouth's dance that very night, where he had promised to meet the elusive Helen. But that night she had been in one of her most tantalizing moods, and, when he had demanded a large number of dances as a right, had pensioned him off with one, as an old retainer, and had flirted outrageously under his very nose with the more than eligible young Shelford. So in a fit of pique he had rushed off, spent three days in making preparations, and said good-bye to nobody, leaving the society papers to announce curtly that Mr. Frederick Howard and Mr. Roger Kesteven had gone off on a sporting tour and expected to be away at least two years. At first he felt very hipped and wretched, but the buoyancy of Freddy's disposition and the excitement of the sport had acted as excellent cardiac tonics; and now he prided himself that he had quite got over it.

Nevertheless he fingered and thumbed Mrs. Teignmouth's card with thoughtful hands, turning it over and over again, and beginning to consider what Helen Mowbray was like after two years, and whether she was married. But, though he assured himself that he had quite got over it, somehow he did not like to think of that aspect of the case.

Suddenly it struck him: should he go? He would be sure to meet her there. It would be rather jolly to see her again and chat over old times. But were the heat and the crush worth it? he pretended to ask himself cynically. No, they weren't; but still his old friend, Mrs. Teignmouth, would be awfully pleased to see him. If it were anyone else, it wouldn't matter: but really she was such an old friend, and had been so good to him, that it really was his *duty* to go. He needn't stay long. And so he made up his mind, sophistically pleading duty to himself.

He jumped up and rang the bell, forgetful of the rest of his correspondence.

"Markham," he said to his man, "put out my best dress suit and the best shirt you can find. Then go out and get me a button-hole as quickly as you can. Oh, yes," he added thoughtfully, "and I shall want some white gloves. I'm going to a dance."

He was surprised at the care with which he dressed himself, even debating in his own mind for quite a long time between pearl studs and minute turquoise ones, ignorant of the trend of fickle fashion: and he was further surprised at the time it had taken him, when he looked in the glass for the very last time and pronounced his handiwood good. As a rule, he didn't bother about the *minutiæ* of his toilet, and could find no reason for it to-night, he told himself candidly; probably it was because he was out of practice through roughing it, and more accustomed to sleeping in his clothes than dressing for a dance.

At this point the long neglected pangs of hunger reasserted themselves boisterously and importunately: and he hurried off in a hansom to the club.

But even after a hearty meal, when he was sitting in the smoking-room, spinning Munchausen yarns of Brobdingnagian lions and congratulating himself that "The Bachelors'" was just the place for such a non-marrying man as himself, he felt a curious sinking feeling, which he honestly felt he could not ascribe to hunger. And somehow he let the time slip on, until he had almost decided not to make his second début in society that night; but suddenly he jumped up, rang the bell, drank a big brandy and soda at a gulp, and hurriedly deserted the purlieus of the unwed for the home of marrying and giving in marriage.

Mrs. Teignmouth was so popular, and her heart so large, that her receptions were invariably overcrowded with a wonderful assortment of people, good, bad, and indifferent in every sense of those words of many meanings.

Versed in the jungle, Roger gradually hewed his way through the swaying mass of dolorous pleasure seekers, and was received with open arms by his hostess, who had only time to say: "What, *you*, my dear boy! You *are* looking well. I must have a talk to you later,"—while she shook hands with a stout woman, of whose name she was blissfully oblivious.

In the ball-room some people were lanquidly trying to dance, while the rest sat about and watched their plucky efforts admiringly. Among these Roger espied Helen, talking in a familiar manner to a man. She looked worn and older, her eyes seemed bigger and her face thinner; but she was undoubtedly the same beautiful Helen men used to court.

"I wonder what she has been worrying about," thought Roger to himself; and just at that moment she looked up and caught his eye. She started, flushed, and bowed like a woman who did not believe she was bowing to a real man.

Instinctively Roger made his way up to her, as of old, and she held out her hand to him.

"So you are back at last, Roger?" she said in a low tone, interrogating needlessly.

"Yes, Helen," he answered, not knowing what to say, feeling the fatal old shyness of the Harvard days coming back. And then, to fill an awkward gap, he asked for a dance.

"You can have No. 15," said Helen, conning her card. "It's the only one I've got, and I don't know why I kept it. But it's lucky, isn't it? It's a square, so we can sit it out, and you can tell me all your news."

As she held up her programme to examine it, Roger noticed with a confused mixture of sensations a thin circlet of gold round the third finger of her left hand. Before he could speak, however, her partner appeared, and Kesteven turned away with a few commonplace words of thanks.

During the next few dances he absent-mindedly exchanged greetings with enthusiastic old friends, to their disgust, but could not summon up courage to ask about Helen, though he could not fail to admit to himself that the flame had flared up more furiously than ever, fanned by the sight of her and the impossibility of possession. Besides, she did not look well or happy.

At last, after an hour in the seventh hell of doubt and despair, having almost made up his mind to start off on another trip, Roger claimed Helen and led her off to a quiet corner.

"Shall we go to our old corner?" he asked in an unsteady voice.

Helen nodded assent.

"What a long time you've been away, Roger! What in the world made you go to Africa so suddenly?"

A wave of self-consciousness unworthiness came over him.

"Shooting," he answered thoughtfully.

"You ought to have gone as a missionary," said Helen, lightly; "you'd have got your passage paid for you!"

Roger looked up quickly.

"You've grown worldly and wise since I left, Helen. Who has been training you?"

"Heaps of people," she answered.

"And no one in particular?" asked Roger, sharply.

"I don't know," she said, carelessly, making one of those soft answers that are an incentive to wrath.

"The last night I saw you," broke in Roger, furiously, "you were flirting disgracefully with Shelford; and I couldn't stand it. So I went off a bit."

"Roger," said Helen indignantly, "you have no right to speak like this!"

"No, I know; I beg your pardon," he said wretchedly. "I wish to Heaven I had."

"What do you mean, Roger!" she asked gently, her voice trembling a little.

"Tell me—tell me," he asked in a hesitating, broken voice, conquering his shyness, "I must ask you before I go away for good—though I know—it's not—a right thing to ask—under the circumstances—but—I mean—would you—would you—if I had been—been—a little more persistent——?"

"*What* do you mean, Roger?" she asked again, looking up with startled eyes.

"Would I—would I—have had a chance?" he finished hurriedly.

"Yes," murmured Helen, almost imperceptibly turning away.

"Great Heaven," cried Roger, "what a fool I've been! What I've missed! How wretched I shall be for the rest of my life thinking of you—you whom I love—with another man, when I might——"

"What other man?" asked Helen, at a loss.

"Your husband, of course," cried Roger in the impatience of misery.

"I am not married," she said, gazing at him with a puzzled look.

"But your ring?" he asked fiercely.

"Oh, I've grown a little thinner since you left," she answered gently, holding out her hand with a wan smile, and disclosing a small heart of pearls with a tiny ruby in the center, "and my ring has slipped round. That's all!"

Roger recognized the one he had given her on her fifteenth birthday. With an inarticulate cry of relief, Roger caught hold of her extended hand.

"That's all!"

It was a broken sentence, but to both of them it meant—everything!

THE STYLES illustrated in PICTORIAL REVIEW are the latest creations of leading Paris designers sent us direct through our Paris House. Subscribing for PICTORIAL REVIEW is the safest way of receiving it every month.

Send us One Dollar for a Year's Subscription now.

THE McDOWELL SCHOOLS

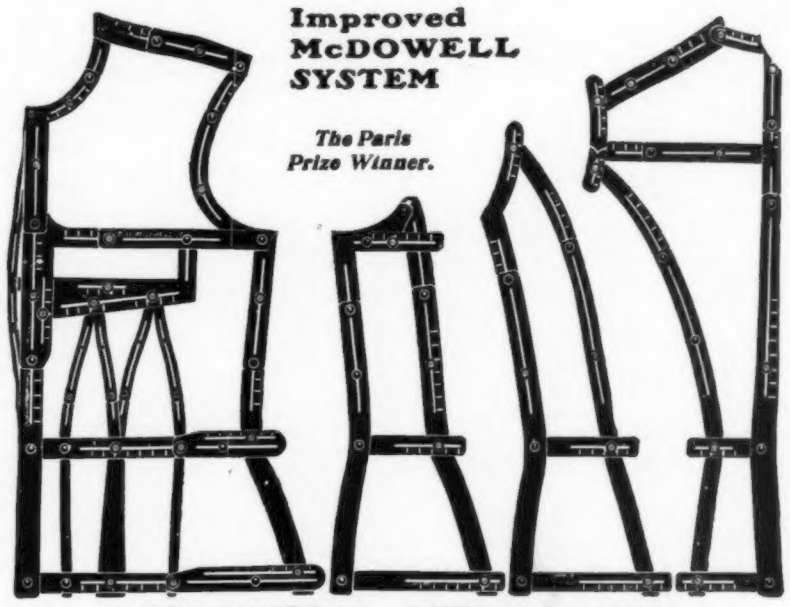
OF

DRESSCUTTING
DRESSMAKING and LADIES' TAILORING

The Largest and Best Dressmaking and Tailoring Schools in the World.

McDOWELL SCHOOLS
Positions Free

NEW YORK,
310 to 318 Sixth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA,
1103 Chestnut St.
PROVIDENCE,
335 Westminster St.
BUFFALO,
8 and 10 Palace Arcade.
ELMIRA,
101 E. Water St.
BOSTON,
184 Boylston St.
TORONTO,
47 Yonge St. Arcade.



Improved McDOWELL SYSTEM

The Paris Prize Winner.

McDOWELL SCHOOLS
Easy Payments

CHICAGO,
78 State St.
SAN FRANCISCO,
1019 Market St.
PITTSBURGH,
411 Penn Ave.
NEWARK,
835 Broad St.
BALTIMORE,
5 W. Lexington St.
ST. LOUIS,
1824 Olive St.
W. AUSTRALIA,
Geo. Stubbs, Perth.

GOLD MEDAL, BUFFALO, 1901.

A Complete Course in Artistic Millinery

Is Also Given at the Above Addresses in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco

Our schools have now been successfully conducted for over ten years and offer exceptional facilities for acquiring a correct and practical knowledge of the entire Art of Fine Dressmaking and Ladies' Tailoring.

The uniform success achieved by our cutters has rendered our schools famous, and the great popularity of our System of Cutting is proven by the increasing number of pupils in yearly attendance.

Our schools are not only the largest and best in this country, but in New York the McDowell School occupies over 6,000 square feet, and there is no similar institution as large or graduating an equal number of pupils yearly in either London, Paris, or Berlin, so we can safely say we have the largest and best Dressmaking School in the world.

The McDowell System Makes You an Expert

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

The great success of the McDowell Schools is due to our having the most simple and perfect method of cutting in existence, and to our giving such a thorough and practical course of instruction in all branches of dressmaking that every pupil takes pleasure in recommending the System and School to her friends. Each department is under the supervision of teachers of undoubted ability, thoroughly competent to instruct every pupil in all the fine points of the trade.

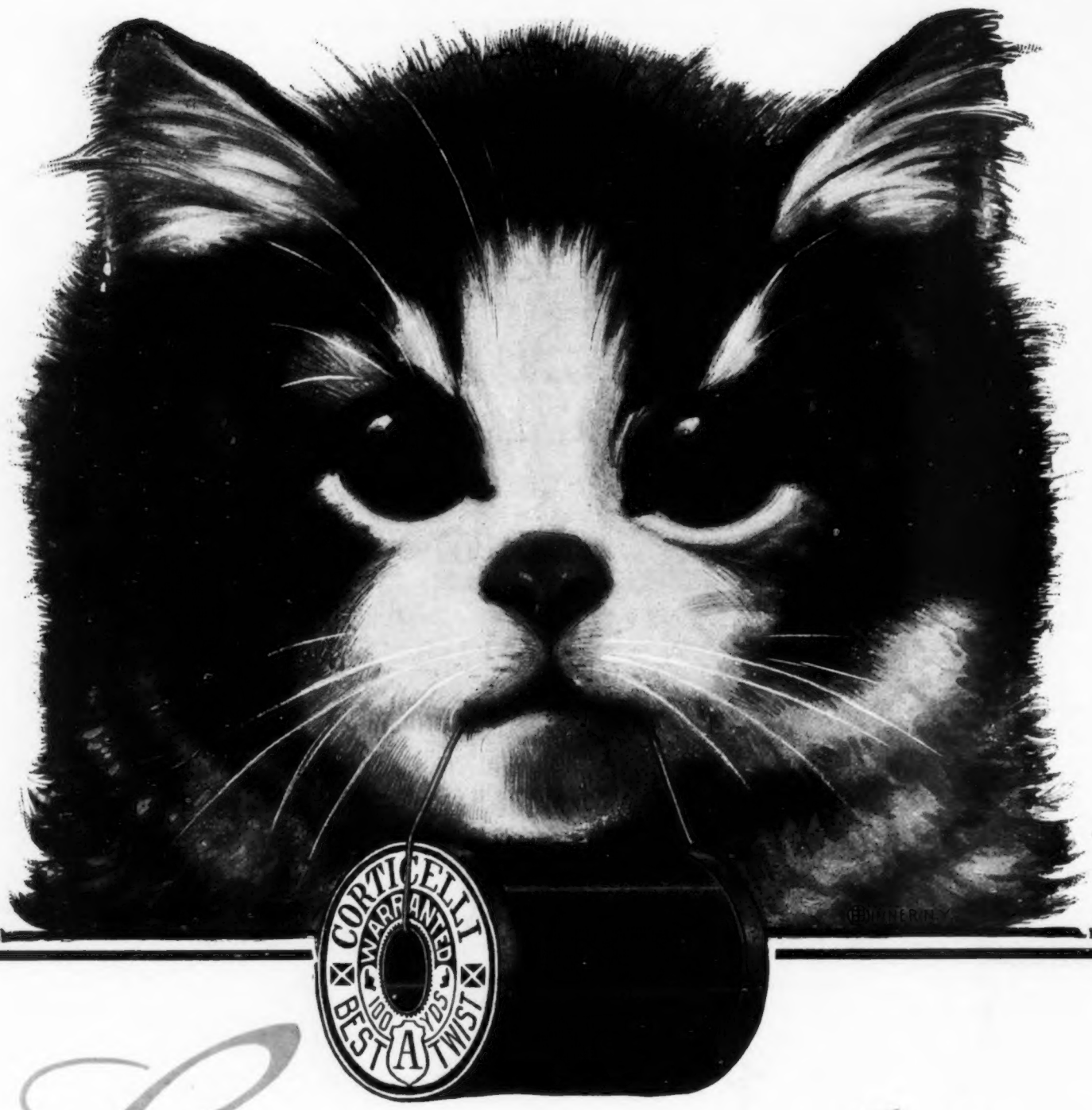
No first-class dressmaker will now waste her time with the slow tailor's square—life is too short; neither will she waste time using imperfect pasteboard charts nor tin or pasteboard machines, which are only made for perfect forms and will not fit one person in a hundred. These imitations are worthless and are evidently made to be sold on our reputation.

Parties using inferior systems cannot give the style, grace and beauty to their garments which the McDowell Method gives. The very systems they use prevent them from giving the proper proportion and the stylish, graceful lines required in the artistic work of the present day. Parties using inferior methods will always be inferior dressmakers.

Course of Instruction—Practical, Thorough and Complete

Every style of Ladies' Garments taught. Your own materials made up. Unlimited lessons. Individual instruction. Expert tailors and experienced dressmakers employed as teachers to instruct pupils in Cutting, Fitting, Making and Finishing of Street, Evening and strictly Tailor-made Dresses. Everything new, novel, stylish and up-to-date. Shirt Waist, Bias Dart, Seamless Waist, French Basque, Princess, Sleeves, Skirts (gored and circular, always the latest), Coats, Capes, Wraps and Jackets; Lessons in Measuring, Draping, Basting, Boning, Matching Stripes and Plaids, Trying-on, etc. In fact, we teach you how to cut, fit and finish every style of garment worn, and give you all the information, experience, and everything necessary to make you an expert and insure your success. Visitors always welcome. Send for circulars, drafts, etc. Perfect Fitting Patterns of every description cut to measure.

THE McDOWELL CO., 4 and 6 West 14th St., New York, U. S. A.



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK

The best silk is the most economical. You cannot do good work with poor materials. Formerly anything that could be called "a spool of silk" would answer. Now, the best dressmakers and ladies' tailors are insisting on having Corticelli Spool Silk and Machine Twist. Corticelli Silk sews smoothly for hand or machine use, and it is always full length and full strength. Seams sewed with "Corticelli" will not rip.

40 Highest Awards, including 4 Gold Medals at Buffalo

Corticelli Silk holds the world's record for superiority, having won 40 Highest Awards at Expositions. When you buy silk specify "Corticelli." If your dealer does not keep Corticelli it is because he prefers to make a little more money selling some inferior kind. Do not accept substitutes. As Corticelli costs YOU no more than poor silk, why not ask for the best, and then see that you get it? Questions cheerfully answered.

CORTICELLI SILK MILLS, 54 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass.